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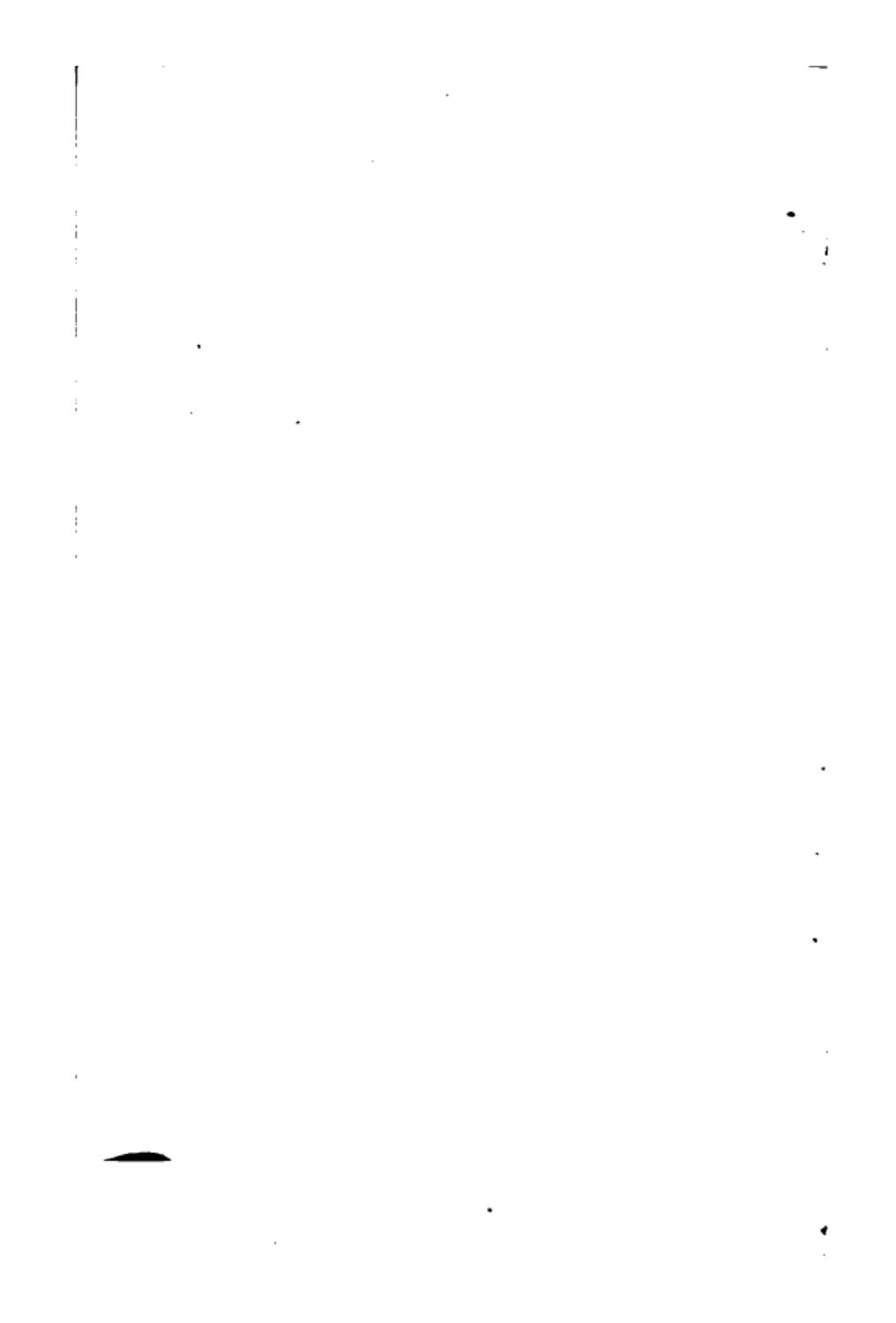
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## The Lyre and Sword.



FROM THE DESIGN ON THE TOMB.

THE  
LYRE AND SWORD  
OF  
CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
AND  
EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

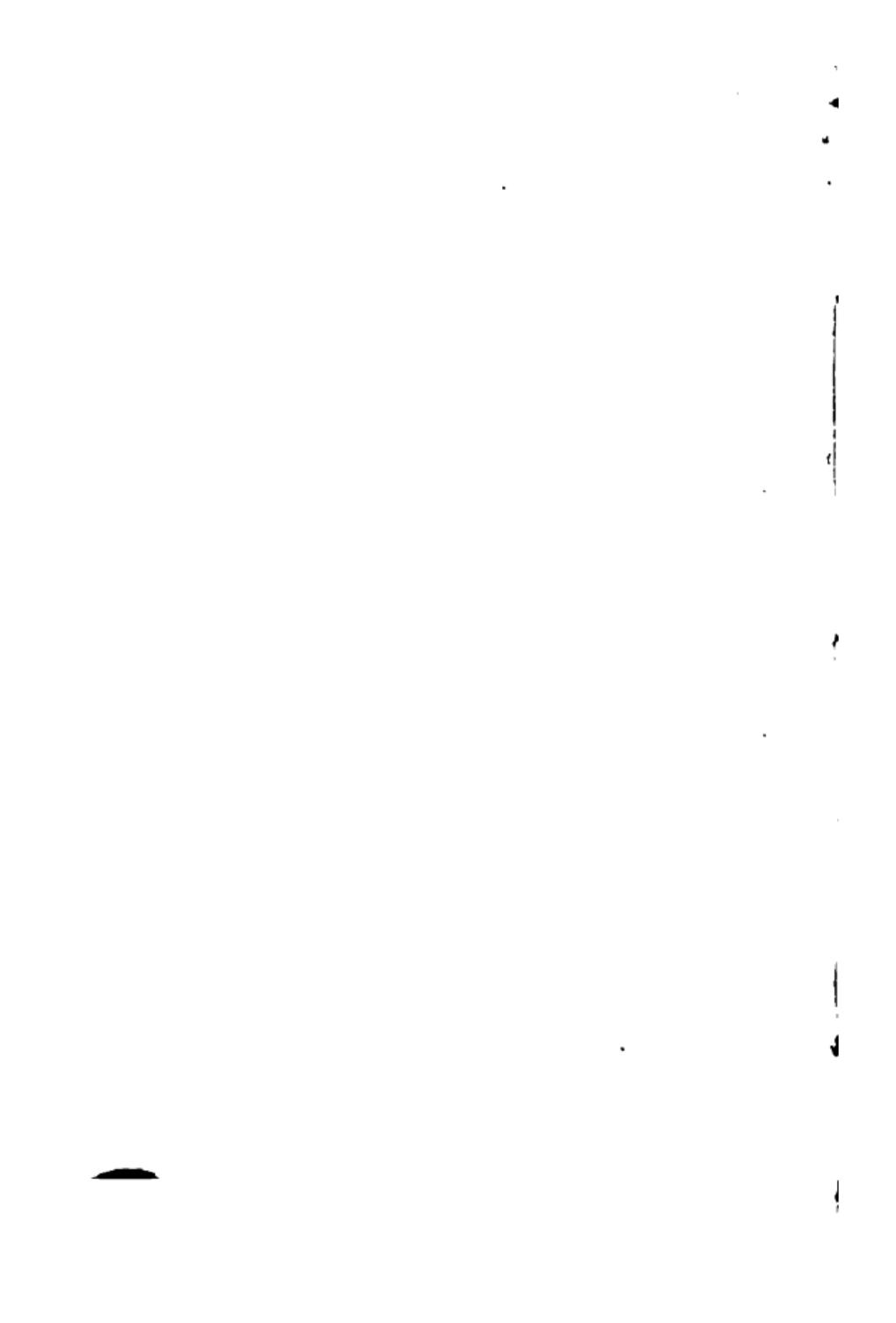
W. B. CHORLEY.

LONDON;  
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND COMPANY.  
LIVERPOOL;  
MARPLES AND COMPANY.  
MDCCCLXXXIV.

D.



TO  
MRS. HEMANS,  
WHOSE POEMS TO THEIR MEMORY  
FIRST TAUGHT THE ENGLISH TO MOURN FOR  
CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER  
AND  
THE SISTER WHOM HE LOVED,  
THIS ATTEMPT  
TO GIVE HER COUNTRY'S TONGUE  
TO THE  
LYRE AND SWORD  
IS MOST GRATEFULLY OFFERED  
BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.



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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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SOME of the following poems have frequently been translated into our language : and one or more selections of them published in separate volumes. But the whole "Lyre and Sword," entire from the latest German editions, has not before been given ; and of many of the best of these spirited lyrics, we are not aware that there exists any former English translation. Nor have the detached fragmentary notices of our poet, which have hitherto appeared in England, ever adequately afforded such a clear insight into the intimate

historical connexion between his Life and these poems, as would leave to each and to both their fair claim upon some of the best feelings of our countrymen.

It would hardly be decorous here to canvass the merit of those incomplete versions of the Lyre and Sword which have previously appeared. Had the translator thought that the difficult task of preserving in English the essential colour and spirit which pervade his noble original had been heretofore very successfully attempted, this translation would never have been published.

Perhaps some of our annotations may appear to many to be superfluous; and it will be freely admitted that all of these notes can be required by only a very limited

number of our readers. This apparent diffuseness has not arisen from any desire uselessly to swell the size of this little volume. It has been concluded that the number of readers, whose enjoyment of these poems would be lessened by finding a few notes which they thought unnecessary, must be incalculably smaller than that of others, who might find some question thus answered which would else have materially disturbed their interest in various passages of the text.

For the Memoir of Körner, and the extracts from his correspondence, no apology will be needed. We cannot anticipate that any reader will complain of their length, or wish any part of them curtailed. Few pleasures are enjoyed by the intelligent with more agree-

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ment of feeling, than the illustration of an author's works by his biography and letters; and few indeed are the poets, whose songs and deeds are more gratefully blended, in all that claims our best sympathies, than are those of **CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.**

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*Note.*—Our readers are particularly requested to correct the errors noticed below. They will also remark that the final *ed* of the past tense and participle is here always printed without elision, which the rhythm will warn them where to make, as also to give the strong accent to this syllable when required, especially in the double rhymes.—In the

Note to page 6, for *Debates* read *Debato*.

1st line of page 95, for *Land* read *Lord*.

4th from foot, page 99, for *loudly* read *proudly*.

1st line of page 100, *dele comes at end of line*.

1st line of page 112, for *dissolved* read *retained*.

Reference at page 221, for page 6 read page 16.

## **TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.**



## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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IN many of the circumstances of its production, and of the history of its author, Körner's "Lyre and Sword" may be said to stand alone; perhaps literally without a parallel in its own, or any other language. The "*de republicā bene mereri*" hath hitherto, with few exceptions, been far separated in person from the "*pulchrè dicere*;" in so far at least as poetry is concerned. Certainly, both have never before been united in the same vigour of intensity, and developed under the same energy of impulse, as in the Poetry and Life of Theodore Körner. Thoroughly to understand the full spirit and meaning of this "Lyre and Sword," would

demand an acquaintance with the moral and political effects of education in the Universities of Germany, and a comprehension of the diverse operations of partition into independent states upon the condition and destinies of that noble country, such as can be acquired only by much diligent and well-directed research. Of course, the narrow limits of this preface cannot admit of any attempt, however imperfect, to supply this *desideratum*. This omission is, fortunately, the less important, seeing that all which makes these Poems chiefly interesting demands in truth but little preliminary knowledge, or accessory explanation. Every line bears along with it the full force and fire of warm, noble feelings; and when our readers have learned from Körner's Life, that he who thus wrote was himself in very deed the warrior who died defending "*The Poet's*

*Fatherland,*" if *then* their hearts answer not to the thrilling tones of his Lyre—if the name of Körner sound *then*, as before-time, a strange and unwelcomed word in their ears, we fear there is little hope that any preface or annotation could awaken their sympathies.

Why, in a time of deep peace, and daily increasing kind intercourse between European powers, should we dwell upon a work, excited by a temporary, unnatural position of warfare, ultimately disastrous to all the combatants? Let France herself answer this question—generous as she has ever been, as she can ever well afford to be, towards all elevated and noble feelings.

Our answer, thank God! comes from free, regenerate France: and with this France, assuredly, neither the Germans nor Körner had any quarrel. These songs interest us,

simply because they breathe the true soul of devoted patriotism and love. So long as all hearts leap at the very name of Thermopylæ, will Körner's Lyre awaken kindred feelings in Germans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen.\*

Without any attempt to detail the position of affairs in Germany when she was aroused to repel her invaders, one or two of the features, which appear most prominent in relation to these poems, shall be selected from their general aspect. The forcible chaining of their country to the war-chariot of France, through a triumphal career where she reaped only degradation from all the laurels so proudly won by her haughty mistress, awoke

\* In proof that this is no mere conjecture, see the *Journal des Debates* of 21st Jan. 1830, where in an essay, full of genius, on Mons. La Cretelle's History of the Restoration, the author pays a most eloquent tribute to the memory of Körner, and gives a very spirited prose translation of many passages from the "Lyre and Sword."

in the Germans that burning spirit of national resistance, against which, when once fairly alive, no might of tyranny can in the end prevail. It is impossible here to recapitulate the many insults and aggravations of oppression, which combined to inflame this spirit. An unrelenting prohibition of all commercial intercourse with foreign shores, ruinous to the very means of existence of many of her citizens, and intolerably oppressive to all, was long maintained in Germany by the overwhelming military forces of her oppressor. Aiming his blows at the commercial prosperity of England, Napoleon cared little that all his allies, or even France herself, groaned beneath the recoil of his vain efforts to ruin his mighty rival. The conscriptions, which tore their youths, at the prescribed age, forcibly from home and country, often to

perish in wars waged solely for the ambition of one great conqueror—this terrible exaction of the human tribute harrowed the very heart's core of a nation so strong in family affections as are the Germans. Their misery became greater than they could bear; and, despite of the territorial subdivisions of their country, which often forced those States whose hearths were trodden with victorious foot by the French Emperor to become, for the time, his unwilling allies—despite of the overwhelming power of their Foe, before whose charmed sword every thing seemed to go down—the youth of Germany at last arose, as one man, to win their freedom or die. They naturally rallied around the greater Powers. The eagle of Austria was their banner: the name of the beautiful and injured Queen of Prussia became their watch-word. Mothers freely gave up their sons:

and the betrothed sent her lover to his country's war. They mourned for the fallen in this holy cause—but rather with proud thankfulness that those whom they had lost were not wanting, when life was to be given for freedom, than with any deep, regretful sorrowing. When a noble spirit thus possesses even the full might of woman's affections, and can control the violence of her fear and grief, there will be found few recreants amongst the men. Few indeed were the German youth who flew not to arms, when summoned to drive the invaders from their Fatherland.\* But for these few

\* See "Men and Boys," in the posthumous addition to the Lyre and Sword. The bitter and scornful feelings there expressed towards the "*erbarmlicher wicht*" who was at home when his countrymen were fighting, were so strongly shown whenever this Song was sung by those who had drawn the sword, that the contempt and detestation they suffered rendered the lives of the cowards almost insupportable.

who yet lived in shame, not for the bravely fallen, did their kindred weep in bitter anguish. The meanness of the cowards' crime weakened towards them even the holiest ties; and the lives they had feared to lose were saved only for long sorrow and disgrace. The betrothed to such an object of her country's scorn generally regarded her plight as much released as though her lover were dead. The strength of her affections, even for one so unworthy, might be more than she could subdue without loss of life, or life's happiness; but it could not join her hand to him upon whom the mark had been set. These statements are no highly wrought pictures of mere fancy. They could be amply illustrated both by fact and testimony, were it here necessary.

Amongst the "band of brothers" who defended the "Poet's Fatherland," his valour—

his genius—his touching life and fate—his deathless “Lyre and Sword,” have raised Körner to a proud pre-eminence in the hearts of his countrymen. The fame of his mingled tenderness, courage, and devotion has reached even our shores, and will spread wherever his name becomes known. The land which gave birth to Hampden, claims near kindred with the soul of Körner.

In addition to the interest of their having been written in the camp, two other attributes give deep power over the heart to the songs of this young warrior; the full spirit of sincere, pious devotion in Körner to his country’s war, as to the service for which God had called him, blended with entire resignation and reliance, through all the varied fortunes of the cause of freedom, in the holy purposes of the Almighty will;—and his firm presage, from the very moment

of his joining the German army, that for him there would be no victorious returning; but that his life was to be offered up for his Fatherland: a presage too soon and mournfully confirmed. The high, cheerful courage which graced his bright military career was noways damped, but the rather quickened, by this clear prospect of an early death. He had counted the cost; and life was to him already, as it were, given up for his country, and in the hands of God. The moment of surrendering his trust might be near; therefore his day's work was to be done diligently.

We can well understand why these songs should now awaken merely melancholy and bitter recollections in the countrymen of Körner. With how widely different feelings from those expressed in many poems of the "Lyre and Sword," are the sovereigns of

Austria and Prussia now deservedly regarded by the Germans! The people of Germany rallied around their native rulers, when subdued by the French, and spent freely to the last their property and blood, to win back kingdoms for their captive kings. How have they been rewarded for this lavish devotion? Assuredly the deepest abiding gratitude of each monarch never could have repaid the greatness of the gift—the sacrifices for its purchase—the lives which won it for him. When the people of Germany arose in arms, their whole country was at the feet of the Conqueror, in whose anterooms their monarchs blushed not to herd and crouch, until the moment when their tyrant should deign to admit them to his presence. The free bands won back their native soil, inch by inch, until the pride of this invader was humbled, and their country freed!

How, we ask once more, did Austria and Prussia repay this noble devotion?\* The policy of William, Francis, and Metternich fully answers this question; and bids all that love Körner rejoice in his death of glory, ere ever the evil days came over his Fatherland. No intelligent English reader need be told how the holy devotion of the people to the cause of their country's rulers, was craftily, and by degrees, turned against them. How the very confidence they generously reposed in their native sovereigns, when oppression came from abroad, was abused to their abasement in the most heartless and treacherous manner. Therefore, we can indeed understand how the first feelings of a German, now looking back upon the noble times of Körner, should be bitter

\* The smaller States have hardly any free will or power.

enough to render the "Lyre and Sword" almost odious to him.

But let him remember that these songs breathe and foster the only spirit which can regenerate his country. Their fervent out-breathings of national devotion to Austria and Prussia will never be referred by him to the Austria and Prussia of our times, who smother or overawe every feeble State that shews the lightest trace of generous, honest purposes, in their mockery of a German Diet; and strangle the very voice of freedom! These aspirations of the "warrior bard" were for German Princes defending the common liberties of Germany. What is dear to us all—what is precious in Körner, is the high and rare union of the fiery soul of devoted patriotism, with the gentle spirit of the purest, fondest love. This soul, breathing through

all our poet's life and songs, let the Germans never cease to worship with love and pride; for it is a Spirit true, sacred, and eternal; not depending in aught upon Prussia, Austria, or any change of times or circumstance. Thus alone can all their oppressors, whether foreign or domestic, fall before them, and Körner shall still have sung and died to free "the Poet's Fatherland." (!)

The translator is not blind to many of the disadvantages under which this attempt to express the form, as well as spirit, of these German songs comes before an English reader. He has preserved the metres of the "Lyre and Sword" literally, with no deviation from the original. Keeping these, every attempt has been made that his powers would support to give English to the thoughts and words of Körner. Between the merits of this mode of translation, and of a version allow-

ing more scope, it would open a disputed question here to attempt to decide. He has chosen the form which appeared to him best fitting the spirit of the Lyre he has ventured to touch, with unskilful, but with no irreverent hands. How far he is successful, the feelings of his English readers must determine. He is anxious only that the original should, in no respect, be judged of with disparagement from this translation. Any fault in these songs, at all breaking the general impression of the whole, almost certainly belongs to his English alone.

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Wherever, in the following translations, an imperfect rhyme is found, the reader is entreated, in no instance, to attempt its correction, by the least straining of the measure, or improper accent or sound of any word. Let the full and true force be given to every line and syllable; and the *rhythm* of every poem be carefully marked and pre-

served in reading, leaving the ear to find the rhyme, even where only imperfect.

From the great strength and copiousness of the German vocabulary, the free power of combining two nouns with a hyphen, is quite indispensable in translating; the *first* of these nouns almost always qualifies the *second*, as *hero-band*, band of heroes, &c.

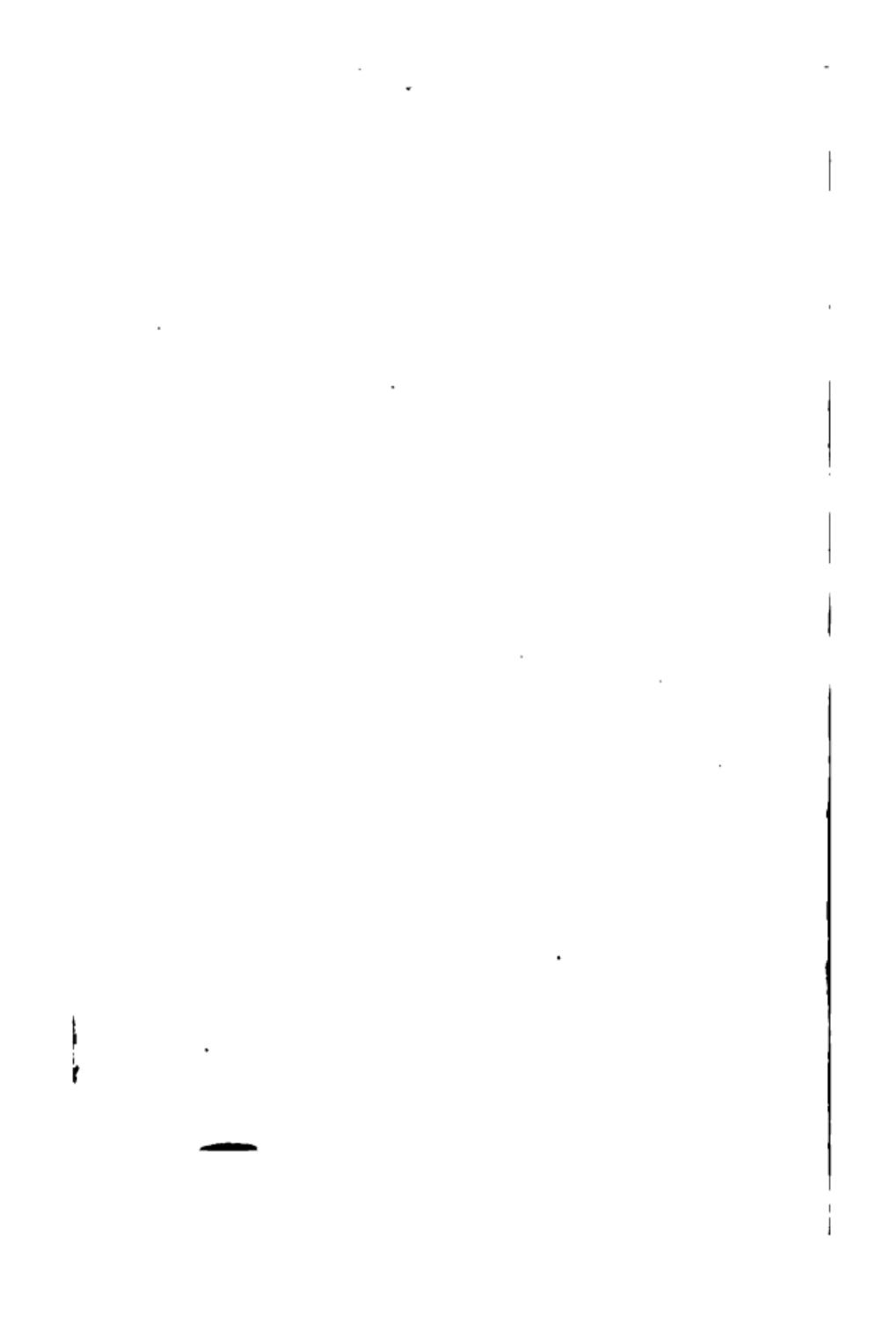
The frequent recurrence of the same rhymes often belongs to the German, and could hardly be avoided unless the original words and metre had been sacrificed. It must be remembered that these songs—a string of successive appeals to the very same strong-holds of powerful feelings, were composed for widely different periods and occasions, and never meant to be recited or sung in series.

# **LIFE OF KÖRNER.**

**ARRANGED FROM HIS FATHER'S MEMOIRS,**

**BY**

**C. A. TIEDGE.**



## LIFE OF KÖRNER.

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CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER was born at Dresden, on the 23d September, 1791. His father was then a Councilor of Appeals for Electoral Saxony; his mother, the daughter of a copper-plate engraver in Leipzig, named Stock. The weakness and broken health of the infant rendered necessary much care of his body, during his earliest years; and therefore the improvement of his mind could not be too rudely hurried. He then spent most of his time in the open air; partly amongst children of his own age, in a neighbour's garden; and, during the summer, partly in a vineyard, with his parents and

sister. His education was much more backward than that of most children; nor was he ever one of those who gratify the vanity of their parents by their precocious knowledge and talents. But, even from his childish years, there might truly be observed in him a tender heart, united with firmness of will, and sincere depth of attachment to those who had gained his love. He also gave early traces of a buoyant, exalted imagination.

With the growth of his body, came further development of the boy's mental powers. It was never easy to fix his attention; but this once secured, he then apprehended rapidly. He shewed less inclination and facility for learning languages, than for the study of history, natural philosophy, and mathematics. His rooted dislike for French was apparent, even when he had made consider-

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able progress in other modern, as well as in ancient languages.

Many gymnastic exercises, during Körner's early years, gave strength and activity to his body; and the young man was esteemed a graceful dancer, a bold rider, an able swimmer, and, especially, a good swordsman. Eye, ear, and hand, were all in him of the happiest natural organization; and each was well educated, in right season. All delicate fancy-work, such as turning in wood, pleased him particularly; and he drew, with much success, not merely mathematical figures in true perspective, but also landscapes, &c. Even in a more extraordinary degree, were marked his fondness and genius for music. He had already given the promise of becoming a very successful violin-player, when the guitar attracted his fancy, and to the latter instrument he remained ever afterwards de-

votedly true. With his lyre in his hand, he was easily carried back by fancy to the times of the Troubadours. For this instrument, and for the voice, he composed many happy trifles; and his correct, delicate, spirited touch of the strings, was delightful to hear. Even from his very childhood, young Körner had, moreover, displayed the highest poetical genius. His father, however, thought it right barely to tolerate, but by no means to encourage, the boy's earliest attempts; having too high a general conception of poetry, not to be anxiously careful, in an instance which touched him so nearly, that the mere inclination might not be mistaken for the revered call: bare facility of production affording here no sufficient criterion. A success which is lightly won, is perilous, and becomes a lure to contented rest in a sufficiently mean rank, the moment that idleness is once wedded to

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vanity. But from this ruinous union, our young poet was happily preserved. His high youthful spirit cared little for the applauses of others; and plunged eagerly into the most laborious enterprises.

Schiller and Göthe were the favourite authors in his father's house; and Schiller's Lyrics were, probably, the first poems which the boy read. All that was high-souled stirred him mightily; but not until long afterwards, and at first with the awe of earnest devotion, did he himself write serious poetry. The first essays of his talent were sportive compositions, arising out of surrounding circumstances. For these he never wanted materials. In him the fresh, light-hearted gaiety of youth had never been crushed by severe restraint; and verse flowed freely at his will.

Körner remained under his father's roof

until the middle of his seventeenth year, and received his education, partly in the town-school of Dresden, but principally from private tutors. Amongst these was Dippold, the subsequent historian, who died too soon for his science, when a Professor in Danzig. Roller, now the curate of Lausa, particularly merits grateful notice, for his religious instruction; as also does Fischer, the present Professor in the Military Academy of Saxony, for his excellent mathematical lessons.

One of the hardest duties of a father is to guide his son in the choice of a profession for life. An adequate balancing of the advantages and evils of each offered condition, is not to be expected from youth, which forms inclinations often upon very insufficient grounds. Yet, upon the other hand, it appears a very serious matter to oppose a

fixed predilection; when we duly consider the importance of uniting inclination with employment, in a lively, strong character. It became the duty of Theodore Körner to choose an occupation which might soon secure him a sufficient independence, as he could not expect to inherit any considerable property. Mining had many attractions for his poetical disposition ; and from the varied mental repast offered by the auxiliary sciences which it employed. This occupation became, moreover, a very desirable object of pursuit with reference to completing the educational culture of the mind of the youth. As a counterpoise to the predominant inclination which he shewed for all that the Greeks call after the Muses, he required a sort of mental gymnastics; and in the study of physics, natural history, mechanics, and chemistry, there were sufficient difficulties

for this purpose, and which allured, rather than daunted him.

Facilities were not wanting in Dresden to prepare young Körner for a higher course of study in the Miners' Academy at Freyberg; whilst, under his father's roof, many favourable circumstances operated, in most beneficial union, upon the formation of his character. His natural frankness, cheerfulness, and good nature, were expanded here without opposition. In a family whose affectionate circle was bound together by love and mutual confidence, the rights, even of the child and the boy, were respected; and, without domineering, he enjoyed from infancy, within his own little sphere, a freedom beyond all price. Here all was filled with sympathy for poetry and music; and on the female side of his family were found, moreover, talents for drawing and painting. They

often formed little evening *reunions*, where a chosen party met, and many interesting strangers came. The boy was always treated with attention by this circle, under his father's roof, as he was never boisterous and troublesome, but lively, unaffected, and full of interest in all around him. Some girls of these parties, friends of Körner's sister, and of attractive mental and personal endowments, were delighted with his vivacity; and he saw, by no means with indifference, the pleasure which her friends found in his society. Amidst such intercourse, he naturally soon learned to enjoy, without unpleasant restraint, the best company; and began to estimate the value of the refinements of woman's gentle society.

His father was amongst the most attached friends of Schiller; and had, from this friendship, many hopes for his son. But

for this, alas! Schiller died too soon. When he last visited Dresden, young Körner was hardly ten years old. Amongst the remarkable men who, under his father's roof, had most favourable influence over the youth in his growth to manhood, must be noticed Von Pfuel, now a colonel in the Prussian service, an intellectual, imaginative, nobly minded officer: nor can we here forget the Danish poet, Oehlenschlaeger.

The summer of 1808 was the appointed time for commencing the mining studies of young Körner in Freyberg; and our new college-student found himself in a very genial position there. Werner, the Councilor of Mines, was a friend of his father, and treated the son with marked kindness. Of the remaining Professors, Lampadius, in particular, shewed him much kind attention. He found a most friendly reception amongst

the first families of the place; and his facility in soon making acquaintance with the young men who interested him, availed him well here. It happened, just about that time, by a most fortunate conjuncture, that a number of intelligent and well-informed young chemists and mineralogists came together in Freyberg.

Körner entered upon the practical study of mining with great zeal; shrank from no toil, and was soon quite at home in the particularities of a miner's life. He painted it in the most glowing colours in his poems of this epoch; and the good-natured, practised craft's-brethren, amongst whom he dwelt, could never weary him with telling the stories current amongst the miners. Little by little, came the unattractive reality, in place of the ideal; and the powerful allurements of the sciences subsidiary to the study

of mining, made him, for a time, untrue to the practice of this art. Mineralogy, and chemistry, especially engaged him. Fossils were collected — the surrounding country explored — charts drawn — and, with the help of an enthusiastic friend, some chemical researches were entered upon. Werner and Lampadius marked with much satisfaction the progress of their pupil.

During the two years of his residence in Freyberg, young Körner acquired a maturity and resolution of character, which could hardly have been expected from his years and light, fervent disposition. A daily companion of his studies and pleasures, named Schneider — one full of spirit and force of character, but driven to melancholy by adverse fortunes — had much influence over him. In this intercourse, the butterfly was to be raised from dark leaves of mourning;

and Körner had to treat his older and most highly valued friend with the tenderest forbearance. A mournful accident severed this friendship. The ice broke beneath Schneider, who was an eager skater; and all the most strenuous efforts of his friends could not save him. The sight of his corpse, and of the body of another student, who had given fair promise of eminence as an artist, made, upon Körner, a deep and enduring impression.

The remarkably cheerful temper of our young student was far removed from levity. True German earnestness could often be traced, even amidst his gayest sallies. At these times, he had willed to create a scenery for pleasure; but he could, perhaps the very next hour, plunge, with his whole soul, into some serious pursuit. Therefore any interruption in the course of study was much less injurious to him than to most others.

Dresden is at such a short distance from Freyberg, that he could easily be almost always present at the little household festivals of his family. This too afforded him many very pleasant opportunities of sharing their more distant excursions. The daughter of Kunze, a merchant of Leipzig, a deceased friend, had been entrusted to his father, as his ward; and thus young Körner gained, as it were, a second sister. He could not be absent when she was betrothed to Von Ensiedel at Gnandstein; and their wedding in Leipzig was celebrated in the unrestrained joyousness of happy youth, with all the good old ceremonies.

It was also impossible for Körner to refuse the invitation to spend some days on the estate of the Duchess of Courland, at Lobi-chau, near Altenberg. His parents enjoyed the good fortune of knowing this lady, and

her sister, the Lady of the Bedchamber, Eliza Von der Recke; and shared their particular favour. Young Körner, who was the godson of the Duchess, received from her many presents, of considerable service in the prosecution of his studies; and knew well how to value the kind reception which he found at Lobichau.

In the summer of 1809, after sufficient preparation, he undertook a journey on foot to the mines of Silesia—an excursion of equal interest and advantage. Count Von Gesler, now Prussian minister in Dresden, who had been for many years the intimate friend of the father of Körner, lived then in Silesia. Both he, and the Prussian mine director, Von Charpentier, gave the young mineralogist complete information of the objects most particularly interesting to his studies; and also all the introductions which

could be useful in his search of them. Recommended by the former, he was most kindly received by the Count at Stollberg, in Peterswald, and by the minister Count Reden, in Buchwald. The noble and lovely scenery of this country powerfully impressed his imaginative spirit; and Körner numbered his residence in Silesia amongst the happiest days of his life. This feeling is expressed in some of his poems.

From this time, more earnestness and depth might be discerned in the spirit of his poetry; and a pious, true, old German cast of thought became particularly conspicuous. He had never been taught to know religion as a gloomy task-mistress—a destroyer of innocent pleasures, but as a friend exalting his soul. All his education had borne the aim of drawing him towards her by nobler impulses than fear; and he had early accus-

tomed himself to reverence all that is holy. Hence came the openness and warmth with which his heart embraced the spirit of Christianity. His religious sonnets were composed, without any external influence, from the force of his inmost feelings, at the age when the daring courage of strong and thoughtless youth guided his leading impulses; and the sincerity of these poems is proved by the fact, that they belong not to any of the *modes* of this kind of poetry. He wrote on this subject, in a confidential letter, “I think the sonnet especially suited to this class of compositions; for, in its measured verses, there lie a peace and love, wherein the true, simple stories of Holy Writ find their right place.”

From outward appearances at this time it would indeed have been hardly suspected that Körner had formed the first idea of a

religious almanack. It was to consist of historical scenes, religious sonnets, and hymns; but, more principally, of poetical conceptions of some passages of the Bible; and to be illustrated by a series of copper plates. A letter exists, written at this period to his father, containing the following passage, respecting this design. "Shall not then the religion, for which our fathers fought and died, even now animate us? and shall not these tones speak to many a soul, which yet lives in its purity? There flowed such a noble spirit of religious inspiration in the times of the thirty years' war, and before; which broathed even over their poetry." The carrying of this plan into effect was, at that time, delayed by unexpected difficulties; although the father of Körner had entered into the project with zeal; and Göschen, the bookseller, was ready to undertake the work.

Körner's academical course in Freyberg ended with the summer of 1810; and he was, at first, desirous of continuing his studies in Tübingen, particularly for the sake of profiting by the instructions of Kielmeyer. Afterwards, he decided for the newly established University in Berlin; where many advantages united to favour his scientific pursuits. In this plan, Leipzig, where Körner's father was born, and where many of his friends and relations yet lived, was not wholly left out. Here also there was no want of the ablest instructors in his particular branches of study; and a half-year's course in this University was determined upon.

The session at Freyberg ended too late for afterwards entering upon the summer course in Leipzig; and an interval was spent in travelling. Körner accompanied his parents to Carlsbad; made there many very pleasant

acquaintances; and spent, afterwards, some happy weeks in Lobichau, where a sprained ankle forced him to remain longer than he had intended. He was therefore compelled to abandon a projected mineralogical journey to the Harze mountains.

For the evenings' entertainment in Lobichau, his authorship was called into service. A highly gifted lady in the suite of the Duchess Von Courland, a physician, and an artist, united with Körner in compositions, under the title of *Tea-papers*, which were merely manuscripts, designed for the entertainment of this evening circle. Just about this time, was Körner's first appearance, as an author, before the public. A collection was made of his poems, under the title of "Flower-buds." There were, perhaps, many objections to such an early publication; but Körner's father found therein some counterbalancing

advantages. The young author would now hear the voice of strong censure—would be made aware of many faults which had escaped the eyes of his friends — would be brought to the trial, whether harsh and even unjust censures wholly discouraged him, or would excite him to new trials.

On entering the University of Leipzig, young Körner found ill-advised party-confederacies amongst the students. Two parties stood opposed with much bitterness to each other; and he could not remain neutral between them. His decision was taken from his own views, and some connexions previously formed in Freyberg. He never belonged to the *Ultra-Renowners*<sup>(2)</sup>; nevertheless his imagination reared for itself an enchanted sanctuary of collegiate life. Meanwhile, he laboured with singular success in reconciling the unassimilating. In History and Philo-

sophy, he busied himself earnestly; devoted many hours to anatomy; became a fellow of an *Æsthetic Union*, and of the Makaria, an association for literary pursuits, and social enjoyment; founded a poets' society, was well received in the most distinguished circles—and also hailed, as a true Comrade, at all the jovial parties of the youths who were not yet bowed beneath the yoke of the *Burger Confederacies*. Since, moreover, he strove against all narrow restraint, brooked no offence to his jealous sense of honor, and kept no measure in his warm zeal for his friends; it may readily be imagined that he did not satisfy every condition officially imposed on him by the heads of the University.<sup>(3)</sup>

In Berlin, whither he came at the Easter of 1811, Körner found a friend of his parents of long standing in Councilor Parthey, whose hearty welcome delighted him much. His

father could also, from later acquaintance, introduce him to the Count Von Hoffmansegg; who received him kindly, and undertook the direction of his botanical studies, which were now to be pursued with peculiar earnestness. Another part of his time, during this first half-year, was devoted to the instructions of the lecturers in philosophy and history. He obtained, moreover, through the Councilor Parthey, the benefit of unrestricted use of the valuable Nicolaïen private Library; and the Zelterian vocal society, with the Theatre, promised enjoyment for many happy evenings. All these sunny prospects were darkened by a severe fit of tertian ague, which seized him about the beginning of May, lasted many weeks, and, after two or three relapses, left behind it such weakness, that very powerful remedies were needed for his recovery. A journey was thought useful; and was the

more available, as the part now remaining of the Summer course could be of but little benefit to one whom sickness had deprived of all the previous lectures. Young Körner, therefore, spent a month in Carlsbad, with his parents; and thence his wishes would have led him to the Rhine country, near Heidleburg. But his father, being alarmed at the spirit then stirring amongst the youth of most of the German Universities, intended to place his son in a position, that would at once break off all those connexions; which else might have had a dangerous influence upon one of his fiery temperament. Here there seemed a particular case to be dealt with, for which common rules were insufficient. A youth full of promise should be placed in a higher position in society, his sphere of observation extended, and the steps of his fresh progress towards the end of a complete edu-

cation quickened. All this, for many reasons, his father expected from a residence in Vienna. Besides the general advantages afforded by this capital, he counted particularly on the house of the Prussian King's Minister and Envoy, William Von Humboldt, with whom he had been for many years in the closest intimacy. And, from his friendly relations with Frederick Schlegel, he might hope for a favourable reception for his son with this distinguished scholar. Against the moral dangers of a great city, this son was more shielded than most other young men, by a character, in which his father could venture to trust; and never had he reason to repent this confidence.

With the August of 1811, the period when he entered Vienna, began a decisive period in the life of Theodore Körner. He found himself full of fresh young life; in a new

world; and feeling all the excitements of pleasure, without ever losing his purpose of mind. Without refusing any opportunities of intellectual intercourse, or denying himself any of the nobler pleasures which were offered to him, he devoted a large portion of the day to serious studies; and was particularly fruitful in poetical compositions. Now undisturbed, and with the concurrence of his father, could he give himself up to his deep inclination for poetry; since, in any event, the knowledge procured in Freyberg assured him an independent existence for the future. What his father now desired was, not the preparation for any particular employment, but the complete mental accomplishments of a nobly gifted man. For such a man alone did he deem entitled to give his inward feelings utterance aloud in poetry. Here his son especially felt that he needed a thorough

acquaintance with history, both in ancient and modern languages. By means of historical studies, a poetical sketch, which may give materials for a dramatic work, must often be sought for.

Körner was long busied with preparing the plan of a tragedy, "*Conradin*," which however was never completed. Much of what the subject of this drama naturally led to would perhaps offend the Censor, and injure any chance of bringing his work upon the stage. His first productions were two pieces, of one act each, in Alexandrines, "*The Bride*," and "*The Green Domino*." Both were received, in January 1812, with great applause. A comic trifle, "*The Watchman*," had also the same success. Then Körner began to employ himself upon serious tragic materials, which suited his inclination better. A tale by Henry Von Kleist was, with some

alterations, worked into a three-act drama, under the title, "*Toni*." Soon afterwards, appeared a very deep tragedy, in one act, "*The Expiation*." Now the poet thought himself prepared to venture upon the personification of the Hungarian Leonidas, "*Zriny*." To these succeeded a drama, on an appalling story, "*Hedwig*;" and a tragedy, "*Rosamund*," from English history. His last serious theatrical work was "*Joseph Heidrich*;" for which a true sacrifice, the devotion of a brave subaltern for his lieutenant, gave the ground-work. During these undertakings, he still found time to compose three little comic pieces, "*The Cousin of Bremen*," "*The Sergeant of Cavalry*," and "*The Gouvernante*;" as well as two operas, "*The Fisher Girl*," or "*Hate and Love*," and the "*Fourday-post*;" besides many little poems. He, moreover, completed an opera, which he had begun

before, called "*The Miners.*" Of an opera, which he had designed for Beethoven, "*The Return of Ulysses,*" a part was ready, and the sketches drawn for all the greater and minor characters. All this could never have been accomplished, in a period which did not exceed 15 months, had not a remarkable ease of versification, acquired by his numerous early productions, come powerfully to Körner's assistance. The search for historical materials, and casting his plan, occupied the principal time in his compositions. For the completion of a great work, he afterwards needed but a few weeks; but these were of complete devotion, and unbroken application to his subject. A Summer residence at Döblingen, a hospitable village near Vienna, was peculiarly propitious to him in this respect.

For his productions, he found, generally, such a reception as could hardly have been

surpassed by his wishes. The first appearance of *Zriny* was warmly welcomed by the public; and the author was called for; which is a wholly unusual appearance in Vienna. Moreover, some voices, eminent in letters, were of the highest encouragement to Körner, and from afar was received a delightful review by Göthe, through whose influence *The Bride*, *The Expiation*, and *The Green Domino* were produced in Weimar, with singular care and applause.

Vienna perfectly fulfilled, nay even surpassed, the expectations of father and son. The delightful environs, and the treasures of art of this Capital, secured young Körner varied pleasures. In an excursion, whilst returning from Ratisbon, whither he had accompanied a friend, he first learned to value the charming romantic shores of the Danube. The gay world by which he saw himself surrounded,

and amongst which he was soon at home, had the happiest influence upon his character. Very far indeed from slumbering there, his vigorous disposition received a new impulse; all his powers were awakened; his aim continually raised even higher, and a warning, teaching, animating voice was never unheard; if its influence had been acquired by genius, acquirement, education, or the attractions of woman. In this way he was much indebted, not only to the households of Humboldt and Schlegel, but to the intellectual society of the well known poetess Caroline Von Pichler,\* and of Signora de Perreira. But that the unweakened force of youth was not led astray by the seductive dangers of a capital, was chiefly the work of love. A bright Being, sent, as it were, from heaven to be his Guardian Angel, chained him by her

\* See her Poem to the Memory of Körner.

charms of form and mind. Körner's parents came to Vienna—approved, and blessed the choice of their son—rejoiced over the power of a noble spirit-rousing passion, and looked forwards to a happy future; fortunate chances appearing to hasten the moment when the lovers should be united.

There is only one situation in Germany which secures for the poet an independent existence, devoted to the cultivation of his art; and this was now to fall to the lot of young Körner. His appointment, as Poet to the Royal Theatre of Vienna, was a consequence of the applause with which the public had received his dramatic compositions, and especially *Zriny*. Besides many advantages connected with this appointment, it secured him a sufficient income.

All who knew Körner now thought him

the child of good fortune ; and, notwithstanding his rapid success, he had never to complain of envious cabals amongst his theatrical connexions. By many trifling proofs of kindly good will, and little attractions of manner, he fixed himself on the best terms with all his associates in art. At the production of any of his pieces, the zeal with which the most distinguished of the theatrical company devoted their whole talents to a successful representation, could not be mistaken.

The attention which his compositions now excited amongst the very highest classes of his countrymen, was proved, in the year 1813, by a circumstance which was highly pleasing to Körner. In his deep feeling of the subjection of Germany at that time, the Battle of Aspern was his comfort, and Arch-

Duke Charles his hero. He inscribed to this General\* two poems, full of warlike, triumphant excitement; and had the pleasure of being invited to visit the renowned prince, who received his free-souled utterance of feeling with affectionate sympathy.

Körner's decision to stand forth as one of the warriors for the deliverance of Germany, the first moment there appeared the slightest possibility of success, was already firmly formed. The Prussian call to arms sounded, and nothing could longer hold him back. He wrote, at this time, to his father; "Germany has arisen. The bold-soaring flight of the Prussian Eagle awakens strong hopes of German freedom in all true hearts. My art sighs after her Fatherland†—let me prove a son worthy of her. Now, when I

\* See the "Lyre and Sword."

† Where is the Poet's Fatherland?—*Lyre and Sword*.

know how far this world's happiness can reach; now, when all the stars of good fortune shine over me, fair and propitious; now is it, by my God, a noble spirit which stirs in me: now do I give a mighty proof that no offering is too great for man's highest blessing—the freedom of his Country! The great moment calls for great hearts, and within me do I feel the power to be a rock amidst this raging of the waves of Nations. I must away—and throw my breast, with fearless force, against this storm of Seas. Shall I be cowardly content, with my Lyre to arouse my conquering brothers, by sounding after them songs of triumph? No! I know what anxious fears thou must suffer for me; I know how my mother will weep! God comfort her! I cannot spare you this sorrow. That I offer up my life is no great thing: but that this life is twined with all the flower-

wreaths of friendship, happiness, and love ; and that *thus* I offer it : that I fling behind me the dear pleasure given by the feeling, that I had caused you no trouble, no pain : *THIS is an offering to be weighed against Freedom alone !*"

Theodore Körner left Vienna on the 15th March, 1813, with excellent introductions to some of the most important men in the command of the Prussian army. When he arrived at Breslau, Major Von Lutzow had just raised there the Free Corps, known by his name. At his call, flew, from all sides, distinguished men and youths to the struggle for German freedom. One spirit joined here the most widely separated conditions in the combat for the highest good of life. Officers, who had already served with distinction—important civil functionaries—the learned, and artists of renown, were found amongst

powerful landed proprietors, and a crowd of young men of promise. Towards such a company, young Körner was irresistibly drawn; and he seized the first opportunity, on the 19th of March, of entering this troop.

A few days afterwards, the Free Corps of Lutzow was solemnly blessed in a village church, not far from Zobten. In Körner's letters, we find the following account of this ceremony. "After the song \* had been sung, the clergyman of the village, named Peters, delivered a powerful discourse, which sank to the hearts of each amongst us. Not an eye remained dry. At its end, he bade each of us take a solemn oath to spare neither life nor goods, and to meet joyfully either victory or death, in the cause of mankind, of our Fatherland, and of our holy faith. We swore! Then he threw himself upon his

\* See the "Lyre and Sword."

knees, and prayed to God for a blessing upon His soldiers. By the Almighty! this was a moment, when, in every breast, devotion, even to death, burned with a flame of fire; when all hearts beat worthy of heroes! The military oath, solemnly pronounced and repeated by all, and sworn over the drawn swords of the officers, and the singing 'A sure defence shall be our God,' concluded this noble ceremony."

His mineralogical wanderings had strengthened Körner for serving on foot, and frequent exercises, then and before, in firing prepared him for the duty. This decided his choice upon entering the Free Corps. He devoted himself to the service with continued zeal and exactness. As a brave comrade, he soon won the respect of his brethren in arms; as a true and welcome companion in joy and sorrow, he soon gained their love. Wherever

his help could be needed, he shunned neither exposure nor danger; and, in their merry meetings, his cheerful temper, and happy talents, enhanced the joy of the moment. There are certainly found in his letters of this period, and in his poems, many traces of his foreboding of death: yet this never troubled his spirit; for, with free and earnest soul, he seized at every time, what the moment offered, and what it demanded from him.

His chief occupation, during his hours of leisure, was with warlike songs. He expected to effect much by the influence of music; and many of his lyrics derived their rhythm and form from well-known simple and powerful strains which happened to please his fancy. Moreover, he collected such foreign poems as he thought worthy of being sung by German warriors, and busied himself in adapting measures to them. He

saw, with the deepest pleasure, that all these were caught up by a people, whom every spark kindled.

But that Körner's poetry and music were no impediment to his serious service, both his commander and his comrades were soon convinced. Very soon after entering the Free Corps, he was chosen, by the voices of his brethren in arms, to fill the post of a sub-altern officer. He was appointed to accompany Major Von Petersdorff, commanding the Infantry of the corps, upon a journey of business; and had the commission of procuring contributions from Saxony, in aid of the common struggle for the good cause.

This journey brought Körner a week sooner to Dresden than the Free Corps of Lutzow entered that town. Here, for the last time, he saw his own family, and received his father's blessing on his call to arms.

Major Wilhelm Von Röder, a Prussian officer, who was his father's friend,—the same who afterwards offered up his life for his country at the head of his battalion, at the battle of Culm,—was, at that time, on the staff of General Von Winzingerode. He wished to have Theodore Körner near him, and was in a situation to make his service very important and agreeable. But Körner remained true to his first colours, and followed Lutzow's Corps to Leipzig; where, on the 24th of April, he was chosen lieutenant by the votes of his comrades.

The Free Corps had been strengthened; and was henceforth to be employed with two other squadrons of light troops, upon the rear of the enemy, to harass their motions by continual skirmishing. They had then these two flying squadrons operating on their flanks; which could, at any time, close up in

the rear, if needful, in case of subsequently occurring emergencies. In the meantime, Major Von Lutzow, about the 26th of April, attempted, by crossing the Saale near Scopau, to pass through to the Harze Forest; but received (as soon as he had actually crossed the river) certain intelligence, that a considerable body of French troops, under the command of the Viceroy, had already begun to move towards the very spot which the Free Corps would have to pass through before it could reach the Harze Forest. Even when he got the news, the auxiliary light troops in advance were driven in by the superior numbers of the enemy. In these circumstances, the only apparent means of carrying into effect the instructions he had received were, to join a corps of the United Troops posted farther below, on the right shore of the Elbe; and, united with some of these,

or serving them for a point d' appui, to give assistance to such inhabitants of the North of Germany, already wearied of the foreign yoke, as would use, to obtain their own freedom, all the resources which the enemy had entrusted to them for his own assistance.

Major Von Lutzow led his troop through Dessau, Zerbst, and Havelberg, to the neighbourhood of Lenzen. Here the Free Corps crossed the Elbe, under General Count Von Wallmode; to fall upon the enemy, in his post at the north east of Danneberg. They met the foe, under this General, at the Gehrde; where, on the 12th of May there was a sharp skirmish. The French were driven back, with the most decided success: in which the Prussian horse artillery particularly distinguished itself, and the Cavalry of Lutzow, at first meant to cover them, then followed the enemy, as far as the plan of warfare allowed.

The General found himself unable to pursue any farther the advantage he had gained; and, on the 13th May, passed, with all his forces, again over the Elbe, near Domitz. Major Von Lutzow, at this moment, kept strictly to the duty assigned to him, of harassing the rear of the enemy's forces, but not pursuing them too far. Meanwhile, by the fight at Gross-Görschen, the French were driven upon the Lausitz, towards Dresden; and tactics required that care should be taken to cover all sides of the boundary. The troops of Lutzow were continually employed, by the different commanders into whose neighbourhood they came, in covering fords, and defending bridges, contrary to their original destination; and, thereby, straitened in their service, if not kept wholly idle. A good opportunity for the diversion of their powers appeared to offer itself, when,

about the middle of May, the "*Landsturm*"\* was called out; and the military Government of the country, on the right shore of the Elbe, could not but see the advantages which the neighbourhood of the Free Corps and their commander offered for keeping up a skirmishing war of posts, and repelling any hostile attack.

During their negotiations upon this subject, the officers were constantly employed in a powerful organization and strengthening of the Free Corps and Auxiliaries, which were encamped along the left shore of the Elbe, whither they had withdrawn from the foe. Many of the brave Altmarkers having taken up arms, a prospect was opened of extending

\* This word cannot be translated. It somewhat corresponds to our militia, or the French national guard, in so far as these terms comprehend a general military organization or levy "EN MASSE" of the people, for the national defence.

the movement farther. With this design, the cavalry of the corps surrounded the environs of Stendal, and remained there many days. This period of inaction, amongst the infantry of the corps, bore very hard upon Körner's patience ; and his feelings spoke in a poem to be found in the "Lyre and Sword."<sup>\*</sup> But soon the chance of procuring some active service aroused him. On the 24th of May, he followed the cavalry to Stendal, accompanying a detachment sent by his commander to co-operate with the Civil Authorities of Westphalia, for the purpose of forming a strict military organization ; and he learned, by this means, on the 28th of May, that Major Von Lutzow, with four squadrons of his cavalry, and fifty Kosâks, would set off on an expedition to Thüringen on the following day. To obtain the power of ac-

\* See " Lyre and Sword."

companying them, Körner prayed earnestly to serve in this cavalry, and obtained his wish, being appointed adjutant to Major Von Lutzow, who, being very fond of him, was glad to have him for a companion.

They marched, in ten days, through Halberstadt, Eisleben, Buttstadt, and Schlaitz, to Plauen, not without peril from the bodies of the enemy then scattered over that neighbourhood, but not without satisfactory success. Intelligence was procured—military stores were captured—and couriers intercepted with despatches of importance. The bold corps harassed the enemy much; and occupied his attention by interrupting his communications. A plan was formed by the French Emperor, that, to make a sufficiently terrible example, not a man of those who had shared in the daring enterprises of the Free Corps should be suffered to escape

with life. Apparently he saw a fit opportunity for his design in the suspension of arms, which at this time was singularly seasonable to the Duke of Padua, who had been blockaded in Leipsig on the 7th of June, by the Generals Woronzof and Czerniczeff, with the aid of two battalions of Lutzow's infantry; and was only rescued by the cessation of hostilities.

Of the suspension of the war, Major Von Lutzow had received intelligence which he considered official. Therefore, without the slightest apprehension of any opposition, he chose the shortest way to join the infantry of his corps; received the most satisfactory assurances from the hostile generals; and travelled, unmolested, along the high road as far as Kitzen, a village not far from Leipsig. But here he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and menaced by an overwhelm-

ing force. Theodore Körner was sent on, to demand an explanation of this; when, instead of giving him any answer, the leader of the enemy's forces struck at him; and this was the signal for a general assault, in the twilight, upon Lutzow's three squadrons of Horse, before they had even time to draw their sabres. Part were wounded, and taken prisoners, and part dispersed over the neighbouring country; but the Major himself escaped, by the help of a squadron of Uhlans, who, with the Kosáks forming the vanguard, evaded the assault upon the main body. He rallied a considerable number of his troops upon the right shore of the Elbe, where were posted his infantry, and one squadron of his cavalry.

The first blow, which he could not parry,—having, in obedience to his orders, approached the leader of the enemy without drawing his

sword,— wounded Körner severely in the head; and the second only hurt him slightly. He fell back, but instantly recovered himself; and his spirited horse bore him safely into the neighbouring forest. Here he was just busied, with the help of a comrade, in binding up the wound for the present moment, when he saw a party of the enemy riding in pursuit of him. His presence of mind never left him for an instant; and, turning back towards the wood, he shouted loudly, "*Charge with the Fourth Division!*" The enemy were confused, and retreated rapidly, giving him time to hide himself deeper in the thicket. It was then growing dark; and he found a place amongst the thick bushes, where he could not easily be discovered.

The pain of his deepest wound was sharp; his strength sank, and the last hope of life

left him.\* During the first hours of the night, he could still hear, from time to time, the pursuit of the enemy, who were searching through the wood, all around him—but soon he fell asleep, and, on awaking the following morning, saw two peasants standing before him, who offered him assistance. For this succour he was indebted to some of his comrades, who, flying through the wood, on the night before, had come upon these two men, posted at a night-fire, to guard from plunder some timber, collected for an intended fortification. The troopers, having sounded the dispositions of these men, and found they were worthy of confidence, entreated them to attempt the rescue of a wounded Officer, who had concealed himself in the wood, and would certainly reward their service. When they succeeded in finding Körner, he was

\* See the "Lyre and Sword."

reduced by loss of blood to the greatest possible weakness. His deliverers procured him powerful restoratives; and led him secretly, by concealed ways, to the village of Great Zschocher, in despite of the occupation of that place by a body of the enemy. Here his wounds were dressed by a village surgeon of no mean skill; and a great many inhabitants of the village, devoted to Germany, were eager to lend every assistance; nor was there a single traitor, though neither threats nor bribes were spared to procure information by the enemy's Horse, who were hot upon Körner's traces, and knew that he carried about him an important sum of money, belonging to the Free Corps. From Great Zschocher, Körner wrote to a friend in Leipsig, who, with the warmest zeal, procured him all needful assistance.

Leipsig then mourned under the French

yoke; and the concealment of Lutzow's Yägers was forbidden under the heaviest penalties. But Körner's friends were deterred by no danger. One of them possessed a garden, through the back door of which, partly by water, partly by an unfrequented foot-path, there was a way to Great Zschocher. This was immediately brought into service; and by these means, Körner was carried, secretly and disguised, into the suburbs of Leipzig. He was thus enabled to save the military chest in his care, which, after the battle of Leipzig, was returned to the corps. Without being discovered, he obtained here the necessary surgical care; and, after five days' nursing, was well able to leave Leipzig, and relieve his friends there, who had run such risks for him, from the anxious watch over his concealment.

The state of his wounds allowed only of

short days' journeys; and this increased the danger of his discovery, in a country wholly overrun by the enemy's troops. Carlsbad appeared the best place of refuge in that neighbourhood. Körner could there count upon a friendly reception; and facilities were afforded, by this route, for convenient resting places by the way, and a secure escape. At Carlsbad he found a nurse, and second mother, in the Lady of the Bed Chamber, Eliza Von Der Recke; and in Councillor Sulzer, of Ronneburg, a most skilful surgeon for the care of his wound, which was in a bad state from travelling. After about fourteen days more, he was in a condition to leave Carlsbad, and to travel by Silesia to Berlin; where he had to pass through the necessary forms to enable him to resume his former command, before the end of the truce. During this last residence in Silesia and

Berlin, he yet enjoyed many happy hours—renewed his former connexions—and was here, as in Carlsbad, delighted by proofs of the kind attentions of persons whose friendly feelings were prized by him in the highest degree.

Quite recovered from his wound, and with restored strength, Körner hastened once more back to his companions in arms; to renew, by their side, the suspended contest. The Free Corps of Lutzow was then posted, with the Hanse Legion, and some English troops, under General Von Wallmoden, above Hamburg. With a force far their superior, and formidably strengthened by Danish allies, Davoust menaced all the country from Hamburg to the north of Germany. Hostilities were renewed on the 17th of August, and Lutzow's troops, forming the outposts, were engaged almost every day. Körner wrote at

this time, "The spirit of the great King, on the very day of whose death the strife for German Freedom is renewed, will war mightily for his people." In his bivouack-hut, at Büchen, on the Steckniss, he began, on that day, his war-song, "The nation arises, war-clouds burst wild."\*

Major Von Lutzow appointed the 28th of August for a part of the cavalry of his Free Corps, under his own command, to make an excursion upon the rear of the enemy. One evening, they reached a post where an entertainment had been prepared for the French. The troops refreshed themselves therewith; and, after a halt of about two hours, continued their march to a forest not far from Rosenberg; where they waited in ambush for a spy, who was to bring them intelligence of the

\* See "Lyre and Sword."

nearest road to a badly watched enemy's camp, lying at about two hours' march distance, which they had determined to attack. In the mean time, some Kosâks, posted to watch on a hill, discerned, about seven o'clock the following morning, the approach of a convoy of the enemy's ammunition and provisions, guarded by two companies of infantry. The successful design of cutting them off was immediately formed. Major Von Lutzow ordered the Kosâks (100 horse) to attack the front; took half the troop to fall upon the enemy's flank, and bade the other half keep in reserve to cover the rear. He led the flank movement himself; and had Körner, as adjutant, at his side. During an hour's halt, in the thicket, was written Körner's last poem, *The Sword Song.*\* On the dawn-

\* See "Lyre and Sword."

ing of the 26th August, he wrote it in his pocket-book, and was reading it to a friend, just as the call of the bugle sounded.

On the road from Gadebusch to Schwerin, near a grove, about half an hour's march to the west of Rosenberg, they fell in with the enemy. This convoy was stronger than they had expected; but, after a short resistance—breaking through the Kosâks, who had not closed up fast enough, the French fled across a narrow plain, towards some coppices of underwood. Amongst those who pursued them most boldly was Körner; and here he found the noble death which he had so often foreboded, and in his songs had prayed for with eagerness.

The enemy's sharp-shooters, who had soon found cover in the thickets, sent from them a shower of bullets upon Lutzow's advancing

Yägers. One of these struck Körner, after piercing nearly through the neck of his gray horse. It entered his stomach, wounded the liver and the spine, and took from him, in an instant, speech and consciousness. His features remained unchanged; and shewed no traces of suffering. Nothing was neglected, which the nature of the injury permitted to be tried for his recovery, after he had been raised carefully from the ground.\* Gently was the body carried into the near forest, and given to the care of a skilful surgeon; but all human help was in vain.

The skirmish, which, after this death so deeply lamented by all, became desperately

\* Of the two who first hastened to his aid, through the fire at this moment briskly kept up, one of the bravest and most inspired youths who were roused and roused others to the holy war—the noble Friesen, followed Körner within the half-year.

bloody, was soon brought to a close. Lutzow's Horse plunged through the thickets upon the foe like maddened lions. All that could not escape were shot, cut down, or made prisoners. The small but heavy loss of this day besides Körner, were Count Von Hardenberg\* (who was an engaging young person of high promise), and one of Lutzow's Yägers.

After the fight came the well deserved care of the dead; and the earthly remains of the three brave fallen warriors were placed upon a waggon, and carried off with the prisoners and the captured convoy. The French Troops, who soon afterwards hastened to the relief of their comrades, dared not disturb the march; until they had consumed all their time in

\* Then serving as volunteer in the Russian army, and in command of the detachment of Kosaks in this affair. He had behaved with much spirit; and received his death-wound not far from Körner, from the same thicket.

reconnoitring the forest, where they thought much greater forces must be concealed.

Körner was buried, with all military honours, and the strongest signs of veneration from his deeply sorrowing brothers-in-arms, under an Oak tree,\* near a milestone, on the road from Lubelow to Dreikrug, near the village Wöbbelin, about one mile from Ludwigslust.

Amongst the friends who covered his grave with the sod, was a noble youth, full of spirit and genius, Von Bärenhorst, who could

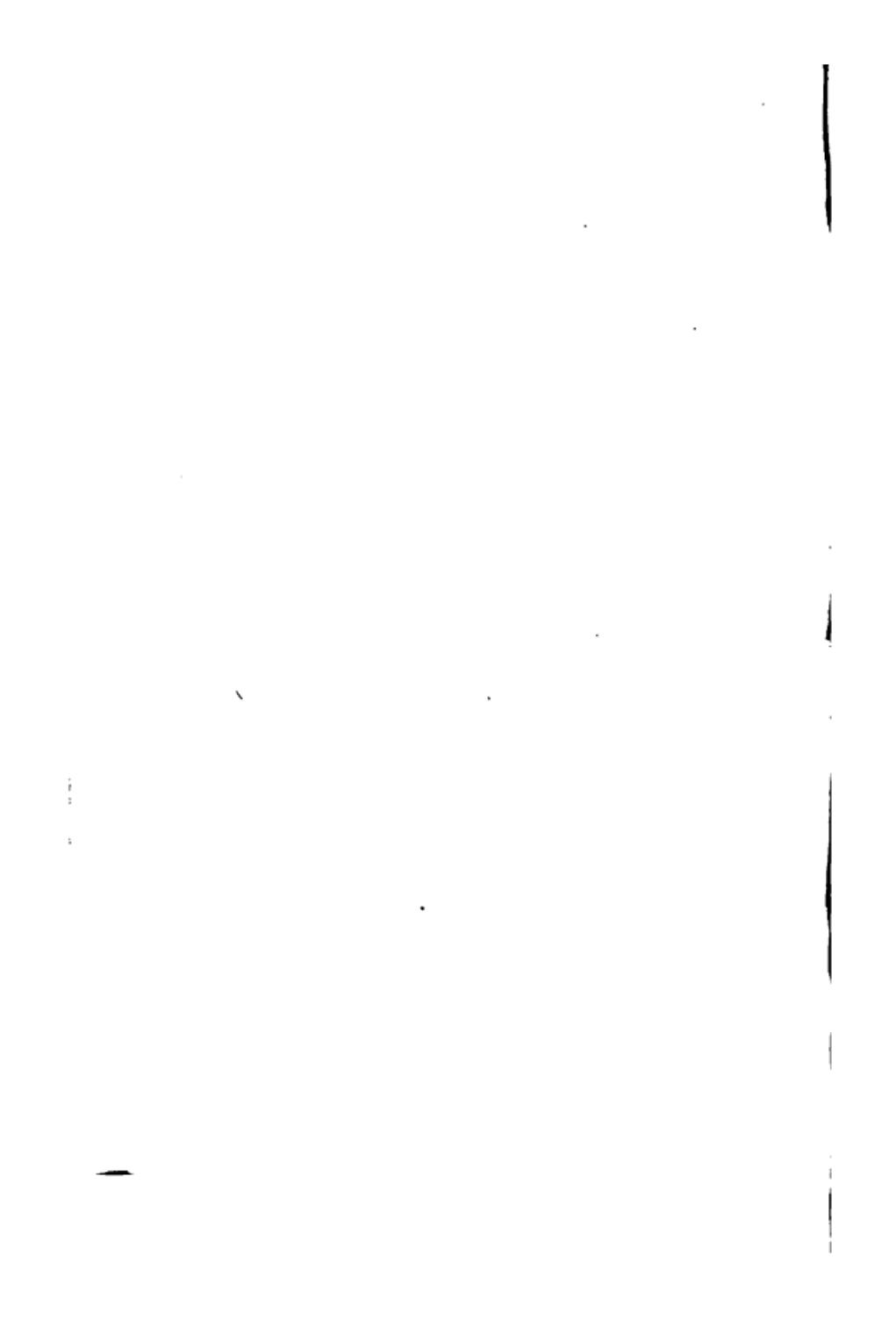
\* This spot, near the Oak, and a surrounding space, were given to the father of Körner, by the generosity of his Highness the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The grave is now enclosed by walls, planted, and covered with a monument, cast in iron. Here now also rest the earthly remains of Emma Sophia Louise, his sister — one in heart with the noble dead. After the loss of her dearly beloved brother, a fixed sorrow consumed her life's strength, and left her only long enough on earth to finish his portrait, and the design for his tomb.

not endure the thought of surviving such a death. A few days afterwards, he stood in a dangerous post in the fight on the Ghorde. With the words "*Körner, I follow thee!*" he rushed upon the enemy; and sank to the ground, pierced by a hundred bulleta.

## The Lyre and Sword.



FROM THE DESIGN ON THE TOMB.



## INSCRIPTION.

---

YOURS—all of you, who yet, with love unshaken,

On the wild, fearless Lyre, and singer, think;  
Whose forms, whene'er their memories I  
waken,

Into my soul, with peace and pleasure sink!  
—Yours is the song! Be my gift gladly  
taken!

Oft hath my wild heart caused you deep to  
drink \*

\* Körner merely alludes here to the anxiety his danger in war must have caused his parents and friends. See the Life, for his letter on joining the German army.

The cup of bitterness, through hours of  
mourning,

Yet hath not changed your trust, my love  
returning.

Still, still be kind! The German flag is  
flying

O'er Freedom's camp, high in my Father-  
land;

And holy voices of our dead are crying,

"Ye Poets, up! for German Freedom  
stand!"

The bold heart asks no more—but, glad  
replying,

Hears battle's raging music storm at hand;

The Lyre is mute—the naked swords are  
ringing;

Come out, my Sword! thou mayst *thy* song  
be singing!

Loud peals the fight! Farewell, my own true-hearted!

This page bears love's warm greeting home to you,

And oft, right oft, shall speak of the departed,  
Shall to his form keep your kind memories true;

Should I be missed when th' conquerors home have started,

Weep not — my happy lot with envy view,  
For what I sang, my lyre-strings freely sweeping,

That hath my sword's free stroke in fight been keeping.



**ANDREW HOFER'S DEATH.**

1809.

TRUE didst thou by thine old prince firmly  
stand,  
True wouldest thou thine old land from foes  
have riven;  
To weave with true hearts Freedom's lasting  
band,  
O'er the great Hero-path thou bold hast  
striven.  
And true came round thee brave sons of thy  
land,  
That to their arms the blessing might be  
given:  
Ah! who may dare arraign the doom of  
Heaven?  
The fair hope was a day-dream fairly planned!

The slaves of th' Tyrant seize thee, yet in  
dying,  
Still Heavenward, as on victory, rests thy  
view;  
For Freedom through death's gate must thou  
pursue!  
Thou standst, their levelled muskets calmly  
eyeing;  
They fire — the bullets pierce thy heart-  
strings through,  
And thy free soul from earth to Heaven is  
flying!

## THE OAK TREES.

1811.

—

EVENING is near—the sun's last rays have  
darted  
O'er the red sky—day's busy sounds wax  
low;  
Beneath your shade I seat me, anxious  
hearted,  
Full of high thoughts and manhood's youth-  
ful glow:  
Ye true old witnesses of times departed!  
Still are ye decked in young life's greenest  
show;  
The strong old days—the past world's forms  
of power—  
Still in your pride of strength before us tower!

Much that was noble, Time hath been defiling!

Much that was fair, an early death hath died!  
Still through your leaf-crown glimmers, faintly smiling,

The last departing glow of eventide!  
Careless ye view the Fates wide ruins piling—  
In vain time menaces your healthy pride,  
And voices whisper, through your branches sighing,  
“All that is great must triumph over dying!”

Thus have ye triumphed! O'er what droops decaying,

Green, fresh, and strong, ye rear your lusty heads:

No weary pilgrim, through the forest straying,  
But rests him in the shade your branch-work spreads;

E'en when your leaves are dead, each light  
 wind playing  
 On the glad earth their precious tribute  
 sheds ;  
 Thus, o'er your roots, your fallen children  
 sleeping,  
 Hold all your next spring glories in sure  
 keeping !

Fair Images of true old German feeling !  
 As it shewed in my country's better days,  
 When, fearlessly with life's-blood freedom  
 sealing,  
 Her sons died, glad the holy wall to raise !  
 Ah ! what avails our common grief revealing !  
 On every heart a hand of death it lays ;  
 My German Land ! thou noblest under heaven !  
 Thine OAK-TREES stand — THOU down to  
 earth art driven !

ON RAUCH'S BUST OF QUEEN  
LOUISA.<sup>(4)</sup>

1812.

---

Thou sleepst so soft!—still life's fair visions  
over  
Each tranquil feature breathe once more in  
seeming;  
Thy clear mild eyes, just closed in peace-  
ful dreaming,  
With scarcely folded wings light slumbers  
cover:  
Thus slumber on, till thy Land's sons, re-  
deeming  
God's favour, gladly give life to recover  
Their freedom—when upon each hill bright  
hover  
The beacons; and their rusted swords are  
gleaming—

Through night and death deep the Land's  
hosts are driven.

Thus, through hard fight alone the boon is  
given

That our sons freemen live in earth and  
Heaven!

When thy land calls on thee, just vengeance  
taking;

Rise, GERMAN WIFE ! when Freedom's morn  
is breaking—

For the good cause a guardian Angel  
waking !

## ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ASPERN.

1812.

---

BATTLE-PLAIN! where death's fierce Angel  
    revelled,  
Where, by German strength, our foe was  
    levelled,  
Holy spot! thee with glad song I hail!  
Thou sawst the proud French Eagles trem-  
    bling scattered,  
Sawst the mad wretches' iron armour shat-  
    tered,  
Before whom half a world did crouch and  
    quail.  
And you, ye Hero Shades! ye blest here  
    falling!  
From whose eyes did victory's thunders dart,

(On you, 'midst your Elysian Spring-tide,  
calling)—

I bid share my full jubilee of heart.

Woe, brothers! that when there the combat  
found ye,

I was afar! when conquering Freedom  
crowned ye,

I, spite of youth and strength, was missing  
there!

Happy were ye, for whom that day's fight  
planted

Full wreaths of lasting laurels, proudly  
granted,

For your conquering Fatherland to wear;—  
Dark and tearful as the grave's deep mourn-  
ing,

Brooded over Germany Fate's might,  
When, with comfort, as a star clear burning,  
Broke this day of glory through our night.

Sunbeam, 'midst dark years of gloomy sorrow,  
 Thy rays, with true promise of the morrow,  
 Brightly of a prouder day-spring tell;  
 From the Baltic to the Danube over,  
 All our Fatherland's wide borders cover  
 Voices of thee, whereat our bosoms swell.  
 Our household feasts—songs by child-lisp-  
     ings aided,  
 Over the wine-cup Charles and Aspern  
     sound;  
 No, Germany, thou art not yet degraded!  
 Yet is thy triumph-day, thy HERO found.

So long as German streams sound, lightly  
     leaping;  
 So long as German songs sound, measure  
     keeping;  
 To these dear names shall love and honor  
     cling:  
 Whatever time may crush, and years may  
     shiver,

Deep graven on our hearts are they for ever ;  
 Charles and Aspern every voice shall sing.  
 Winds may strew the fallen heroes' ashes,  
 Who, in their noble death-pile yonder lie ;  
 Yet the flame-track of their glory flashes  
 Up to the shrine of immortality.

But not, as they are judged by after ages,  
 The eternal voice of History's muse engages,  
 To clear our times from heavy fault and  
 blame :

Songs to embalm the noble dead are given ;  
 Where are our pyramids to touch the heaven,  
 And stand their lasting monuments of fame ?  
 Upon their battle-plains our fathers loudly  
 Hallowed some towering oak's gigantic height ;  
 And to their sons Arminius'\* column loudly  
 Told of their victory in the Roman's fight.

\* All the glosses of Roman Pride could not obscure in their annals the glory of this noble German, who, like the African Hero, is said to have died by poison.—See Tacit. *An.*

Where, at Thermopylæ, the blood-stained  
valley,  
Saw the few Greeks against a myriad rally,  
The rock bears, graven by some brother's  
hand,  
“ Go, tell our childless fathers, here are lying  
Sparta's brave sons; who, on this mountain  
dying,  
Gave up their lives to save their Father-  
land!”—  
Centuries have past since they to dust were  
crumbled,  
Yet, with triumphant voice, engraven here,  
Though every marble's holy shaft is humbled,  
This rock calls flying Ages back to hear?

And thus, the tempest's ruin-stroke defying,  
Of their heroic deeds—their brave here dying,  
Of Sparta's thanks, all coming times they  
tell.

Great was Greece by Spartan heroes guarded,  
Yet far greater when she these rewarded,  
Sons who for her Freedom fighting fell!  
God bestows eternal crowns in Heaven,  
Still the mortal craves whilst here to shine;  
Earthly gauds alone by earth are given,  
And the olive branch his wreath must twine.

Therefore, loudly tell our sons the story,  
How too Germany rewards with glory  
Proudly all her fallen Hero-band:  
Let their death the living rouse, by shewing  
That for no thankless land our blood is  
flowing;  
Prove thou this, my German Fatherland!  
Be they by thy bards in song loud praised,  
And with mighty hand pile stone on stone;  
That thy towering pyramids, high raised,  
Worthily lament each fallen son!

Yet dream not—though triumphal wreaths  
 thou twinest,

Though thou their holy burial ground en-  
 shrinest

'Neath thy pantheon's golden vaulted pile—  
 Dream not, proud Nation! thy huge marble  
 chancel

The bond of thy deep debt of thanks can  
 cancel:

Thy shrine but honoureh thyself the while.

Only th' eternal brings eternal glory—

Earth's pomps all fade to empty nothingness;  
 What Time can break and crush—all mortal  
 story,

Is to Eternity than meanness less.

But, Germany! thine honour's voice is calling ;  
 As thou wouldest keep thy Freedom's shrine  
 from falling,

Which thy forefathers built in strength and  
 pride;

Prove thyself worthy of the great departed,  
Be, as of old, my Germany, true-hearted,  
Thou pride of man—thou fearless hero's bride!  
Let no cold forms, my torpid land, press o'er  
thee;

Warm and free-souled, as was of old thy name,  
Upon the field, where Eagles sank before thee,  
Pile up thy lasting monument of fame.

Look but surrounding foreign nations over,  
How their rewards a gallant work shall cover—  
How marbles in their temples gleam around;  
Each conquest o'er the sphere of hidden  
knowledge

Claims its pantheon in some spacious college;  
The daring artist's head is justly crowned.  
But where 's the height of glory under Heaven  
Which doth this victory of the brave exceed?  
Treasure and life for land and freedom given—  
Can this be matched with any meaner deed?

Therefore; my Land, arise! the summons  
hearing,  
**Austria awake, the fallen brave revering!—**  
And each who boasts a German, free descent,  
Let him, his tribute proud and glad bestowing,  
Build o'er their graves, their country's honour  
shewing,  
The mighty Heroes' lasting monument—  
So that far centuries hence shall learn the  
story,  
When of our times few wrecks the gulph  
affords,  
**THIS FIGHT WON THE GERMAN PEOPLE  
GLORY,**  
**THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S THANKS THIS  
STONE RECORDS.**

**LONG LIVE THE HOUSE OF  
AUSTRIA!**

**ON THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF ASPERN.**

1812.

---

Still is the night—the whole earth dreams;  
Pale shine through clouds the cold moon-beams.

Why liest thou, World, so dumb, so waste,  
Why lurking like the false waves' rest?  
Through thy wide realms void silence thrills,  
A shuddering calm the heart's-blood chills,  
As thou wouldest raise, with trembling sorrow,  
The bloody curtain from to-morrow—

Yet in the camp all slumber deep ;  
Stars gleam, now seen, now disappearing ;  
Scarce breathes the stilly death-like sleep :  
Oh, let the world this fair dream keep !  
'Tis murdered by the day fast nearing.  
The east grows grey—the night-clouds break—  
Thank God ! the morn is fairly wake !

Thank God ! the new day dawneth bright !  
Once more we gaze upon sunlight ;  
How many, standing lusty yet,  
Shall never see this sunrise set !  
How many a heart's quick pulses beat,  
Keen for the fight, with eager heat ;  
And ere one little hour is rounded,  
How many a heart's last throb has sounded !

The Sun comes out—the night-mist rends,  
A hum of prayer to God ascends.

Now the world stirs with busy sound,  
In the bright field arms flash around ;

Mark, with free tread, yon brave youth come—  
 He looks back o'er his father's home;  
 His heart grows full of boding care,  
 Which draws him, sad, to Heaven in prayer:  
 Then his deep-stirring memories stray  
 To her, his loved one far away,  
 And how she wept when forced to part,  
 Till sorrow strongly swells his heart;  
 Blest days, ere war their love did sever!  
 He feels that parting was for ever.

The sun mounts: peals the morning gun!  
 Loud cheering troops to fight march on.

“See our St. Stephen\* o'er us beaming,  
 And the French Eagles yonder gleaming;  
 On, brothers!—Sternly pierce the fight!  
 Those Eagles must be ours ere night:

\* The steeple of St. Stephen's cathedral, in Vienna, in view of which this battle was fought.

Farewell, farewell, loved ones, I leave you !  
Weep not—no shame for me shall grieve  
you."

Waves of fight rage—loud death resounds !  
Wide gape the blood-red fiery wounds !—

"On! Follow me! There fame flies bright!  
For all your holiest things you fight!"  
And round him, and behind him, raves  
Mad Death on battle's stormy waves :  
Crushed man and horse together lie,  
Still "Follow! follow!" peals his cry!  
There sings a bullet through his heart,  
He reels—his bursting eyestrings part;  
Yet, in his last sick strife with death,  
He, gathering short his scanty breath,  
As dropping to the ground he dies,  
"Long live the house of Austria!" cries.

The Eagle sinks—our flag waves on !  
Joy to my land!—the field is won !

## TO THE VICTOR AT ASPERN.

ON SENDING HIM THE TWO FOREGOING POEMS.

1812.  
—

WHAT hath awakened my hand all wildly to  
sweep o'er the lyre-strings,  
What into my young heart, deeply, with  
ecstacy, sank;  
This inspiriting soul's storm slumbers not;  
only there fail me,  
Not feelings thrilling my breast, merely the  
words for their thrill.  
Many indeed would be mute now, because  
our times compel silence,  
And our tyrannous days drive out the spirit  
of joy:

But let me see the times, the days, that can  
chain me down icy,  
Cold and collected in thought, when through  
me ecstacies thrill :  
When all my German heart's-pride stirs,  
honoring Germany's heroes,  
Who upon victory's shrine bright sparks have  
kindled, and flame.  
Thus am I carried along; then I seize on  
my lyre, loudly singing  
All that the strings find with voice, what else  
my heart had concealed :  
Let the brave Hero forgive and accept the  
poor skill of the singer,  
Whose erring courage has dared waken the  
loftiest themes,  
Just as the rage of the Storm joys in thunder-  
clouds, crashing the oak-trees—  
But lightly passes the rush murmuring away  
to his blast.

ON THE MUSIC<sup>(6)</sup> OF PRINCE LOUIS  
FERDINAND.

1812.

---

I HEAR uncertain melodies deep sounding—  
Proudly in my full heart their echoes swell;  
Within my inmost soul I feel them bounding;  
Of all my Fatherland's keen wounds they  
    tell;  
My spirit with their fresh-plumed wings sur-  
    rounding;  
They struggle heavenwards with their stormy  
    spell;  
Yet can they only bear a doubtful yearning,  
Not my vexed soul from th' land of tearful  
    mourning.

Still by this life's strong grasp the bard 's  
detained,  
His soul in Stygian wave hath dipped her  
wing;  
Hath lost the power to soar with flight un-  
chained;  
No greeting kiss can sainted Spirits bring :  
Still in the earth-sprite's hand a prey detained,  
Battling with dust and every earthly thing,  
Yet in strong flights of thought, his muse  
hath risen,  
And bleeding, burst by force her earthly  
prison.

As a Bacchante, then by rage he is driven ;  
Wild lightning melodies around him flow ;  
Bright flame-flowers from the hand of Death  
are riven,  
And trod cold 'neath his feet, ere well they  
blow.

When their crushed wrecks the last pale  
 sparks have given;  
 Still brave and proudly soaring, would he  
 glow,  
 But falls at last, from spasms all death-like  
 shrinking,  
 In the old combat with the centaur sinking.

Now hast thou won the field, wild Spirit-rover!  
 Thy night melts in the ruddy morning ray!  
 The hours of thy stern trial-fight are over;  
 Empty the cup, which on thee Fate did lay.  
 Life and Art wove the crown thy brow to  
 cover,  
 Which on thy locks Death pressed with heavy  
 sway;  
 Thy burial-stone may Time in anger shiver,  
 Yet shall the laurels there grow palms for  
 ever!

And, not in vain thou long'dst with mournful  
striving,  
When in thy soul clear day night's place  
did gain;  
As thy heart, in her boldest victory riving,  
Lay cold and bleeding on the battle plain;  
In death, she burst free from the storms of  
living,  
In death, the harp-stroke freed itself again;  
And blessed sons of Heaven, proud conquest  
bringing,  
Up-bore thee to the free land of its singing!

**MY FATHERLAND.**1813.  
—

**WHERE** is the Poet's Fatherland?  
Where fires of spirits high were glowing;  
Where flower-crowns for the fair were grow-  
ing;  
Where manly hearts, glad freedom knowing,  
Burned for all holy things to stand:  
There was my Fatherland!

**Which** is the Poet's Fatherland?  
Now, with her children's corpses round her,  
She weeps beneath the foe that bound her;  
The land o' th' oak you once had found her,  
Mine own free land! the German land,  
That was my Fatherland!

Why weeps the Poet's Fatherland ?  
Because her people's nobles, quaking  
At a mad wretch's wrath outbreaking,  
Crouch, all their holy vows forsaking ;  
Because her cries no ear command ;  
This weeps my Fatherland !

Whom calls the Poet's Fatherland ?  
She calls upon the gods uncaring,  
With the hot tear-floods of despairing,  
For Freedom—for a saviour daring,  
For the avenger's scourging hand ;  
These calls my Father-land !

What will the Poet's Fatherland ?  
Her foe's slave-host she yet will shatter,  
Will from her soil the blood-hounds scatter,  
She will have free sons gazing at her,  
Or dig them free graves in her sand ;  
This will my Fatherland !

And hopes the Poet's Fatherland ?  
 In her just cause she hopes unshaken ;  
 Hopes her true sons will yet awaken,  
 Hopes in God's vengeance, though forsaken,  
 And her avenger forth shall stand !  
 This hopes my Fatherland !

---

## MOSCOW.

1812.

How thy church domes swell yonder, amply  
 rounded !  
 How sun-gleams o'er each golden palace  
 hover !  
 The eye, delighted, can no rest discover ;  
 On every side 'midst varied pomps con-  
 founded —

Sudden, o'er all, by flame the sight is  
bounded—

With their own hands thy citizens do cover  
All their own roofs with blazing fire-brands  
over;

A crackling ring of fires hath thee sur-  
rounded!

Let none but fools condemn, this ruin know-  
ing:

Churches, be crushed! ye palaces, melt glow-  
ing!

The Russian Phoenix life i'th' flames is  
throwing!

Yet, with bright glories from his fire-crown  
taken,

In the free youth's proud glance shall he  
awaken;

And conquering St. George his lance hath  
shaken!

**HYMN,****FOR THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF THE  
PRUSSIAN FREE CORPS.\***

1813.

HERE meet we in God's holy walls,  
 Bold through our trust unbroken;  
 Forth to the fight our duty calls,  
 And burning hearts have spoken;  
 For what to fields of conquest leads,  
 From God himself that fire proceeds;  
 Give our Lord all the glory !

Whate'er the battle's dangers are,  
 Our trust the Lord is solely;  
 For duty and our rights we war,  
 And for our country holy;

\* Sung in the Church at Rochau, in Silesia, 23d May, 1813.

Then, if we save our Fatherland,  
 The Lord hath done this through our hand.  
     Give our Lord all the glory !

Thus the mad, fearless overflow  
 Of tyranny is broken ;  
 Thus, to all hearts, hath Freedom's glow  
 In holy fire-tongues spoken.  
 Then on ! through storms of battle grim,  
 God is with us, and we with Him !

Give our Lord all the glory !

By Him with fame's thirst roused, have all  
 Arms for the just cause taken ;  
 To every breast hath come His call,  
 Up !—German people, waken !  
 He leads, were 't even through death our way,  
 Up to His Freedom's morning ray :<sup>(6)</sup>

Give our Lord all the glory !

## C O M F O R T.

A ROUND.

1813.

As we all true together stand,  
With pure, unblenching blood,  
This hour, which consecrates our band,  
Stirs my young heart's proud flood.  
It drives me fiercely into song,  
While the wild harp-strings thrill,  
A bold word in my heart swells strong—  
I speak out, come what will !

Our times are bad—mean the world's worth—  
The best around us die ;  
But one huge coffin is the earth,  
Where Strength and Freedom lie.

Yet, courage ! though the Tyrant's heel  
Our German hearths may tread,  
In many a heart, mute, true as steel,  
Yet the good seed shall spread !

Scared by War-fortune's changing face,  
And Fame, blood-red from fight,  
To the soul's hidden sacred place,  
The timid Arts take flight :  
Where once their temples stood, though waste  
Now every valley lies,  
Yet still, in each pure, humble breast,  
Their shrines eternal rise.

Yet Friendship's faith—yet Duty's call  
With holy truth we hear ;  
See, yon wide torrent's raging fall —  
Thou callst—I know no fear ;  
Though, broad to th' clouds, before me deep,  
Though star-high over me,  
Yet, by my God ! my oath I keep ;  
Strike in ! I follow thee !

Still the wife's innocence and love  
Remain our chiefest good;  
Where our sires' German customs prove  
The German youth's brave blood;  
Still holy scorn smites scoffs, that try  
To break this sacred charm;  
Who for his loved one dares not die,  
Him yet no kisses warm.

And thou, Religion! seest not all  
Thy holy flames decay;  
What springs from endless love ne'er shall  
Time-fashioned pass away.  
The consecrated shrines we know  
Still by the blood washed pure—  
Sinners have struck our crosses low,  
Yet stands our faith secure.

The spirit of our Fatherland  
Yet soars on eagle-wings;  
Yet lives the soul to arm a hand,  
Which loose all fetters flings;

As all, who here together stand,  
Deep love and pleasure fill—  
So meet we, when throughout our land  
The beal-smoke tips each hill !

Courage, stout hearts, bold Brotherhood !  
Near is our vengeance-day ;  
When, from the earth, with their own blood,  
We wash our foes away.  
And Thou, in thy free morning breath,  
To whom our hymn-prayers plead.  
Lead us, our God, even were 't through death,  
Thy Host to victory lead !

**THROUGH! (7)**

A seal, which bore an arrow darting from a cloud, with the inscription "*Through!*" gave occasion to this poem.

1813.

How 'midst dark glories dwelling,  
Yon wreaths of mist are blent;  
Clouds, in black masses swelling,  
Cover the firmament—  
And forth the fire-ball dashes  
From their deep gloomy womb;  
The forked flame out-flashes;  
Forth the fierce thunders boom!

Before the enraged Doom-giver,  
There sinner-crowds kneel down;  
"Jehovah, Lord! deliver  
My peaceful field alone;

Destroy the nation wholly,  
 Root out all men that are,  
 Be but my life saved solely,  
 My child, my house but spare!"

Oh, in the dust down lying,  
 Ye cowards, crouch and pray !  
 That God, on lightnings flying,  
 You in your fear may slay !  
 The bell, which calls your people  
 To prayer amidst the storm ;  
 But lures down, towards each steeple,  
 The flame-clouds big with harm.

Another crowd arraying,  
 Close to this death, their band—  
 With gleaming arms displaying  
 War's dreadful splendour stand ;  
 How they, all calmly gazing,  
 Move onwards, without fear —  
 Confront the lightning blazing,  
 Still nearer and more near !

Why loitering thus for ever?  
Nought save bold deed helps here  
The serpent's head to shiver,  
Without one thrill of fear.  
Will shields save you from falling?  
They'd ward an earthly stroke,  
But, on the lightning calling,  
They God's revenge invoke!

Courage! glad victory's riven  
Only from fiercest fight!  
Through the black cloud-mass driven,  
Mark you yon arrow's flight?  
Through will it! through! it parted  
From th' bow-string deeply drawn—  
Through hath the arrow darted,  
It swims i' th' sun's clear dawn.

Through, Brothers! Through! Be sounded  
This word 'midst fight and pain;  
The mean to earth is bounded,  
The noble Heaven shall gain!

Shall the slough quench our daring ?  
 Who fears the fire-cloud's brand ?  
 Heed not the lightning flaring,  
 Through ! there 's our Fatherland !

---

## PARTING FROM VIENNA.\*

1813.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! sadly and heavy-hearted  
 I look my last, and follow duty's call ;  
 Tears of themselves fast to my eyes have started—  
 Why string my nerves ? no shame to let them fall.

\* Though this is the German title, "*A Parting from my Beloved in Vienna*," better explains the poem.

Whether for paths of peace from thee I have  
parted—

Or victory's crown crushed by death's blood-  
stained pall,

Still thy dear forms of grace, when absent,  
over

My soul, by love and longing riven, will  
hover. (8)

My guardian Genii! Be my life's boon  
given!

Mistake my soul not in her earnest flight!

Seize the true aim for which she hath ever  
striven,

As in the song, so in the sword's stern fight!

Not idle dreams have thronged her chosen  
heaven,

Or shed around my lyre their meteor light;  
To die for freedom and my land they burned,  
Let me but win the crown for which they  
yearned!

Far lighter toil weaves wreaths for him yet  
dwelling  
'Midst songs, whose streams with fiery valour  
flow;  
In the right cause the right heart beats glad  
swelling;  
—But, for the Art nursed in my youth's hot  
glow,  
(Even with life's warmest blood my strong  
love telling)  
To win a Fatherland \* in fight I go;  
Yet one more kiss!—were this the last for  
ever,  
No power of Death our endless love can  
sever!

\* See "The Poet's Fatherland."

## WAR-CALL.

1818.  
—

Arise, my Land ! the signal fires are waking;  
In thy Foe's heart be the steel buried deep :  
Out from the North Freedom's pure light is  
breaking,

Arise, my Land ! the signal fires are waking ;  
The grain is ripe — reapers, throw off your  
sleep !

Thy last, best help in thy drawn swords out-  
flashes,

Press<sup>(9)</sup> with true heart upon the foemen's  
spear !

Make way for Freedom ! shed thy blood which  
washes

The earth, thy German soil, from slavery clear.

---

This is no war of kings for crowns contending:

This is a war of th' cross, a holy war!

Thy virtue, laws, rights, conscience, faith defending,

Which the mad Tyrant from thy breast was rending—

Win Freedom's fight, and these all saved are!

"Rise!" cry the tears, from hoary heads shed on thee;

The straw-roofed cot curses the robber-brood;

Thy daughters' shame for vengeance calls upon thee;

The murders of thy sons cry loud for blood!

Be hushed the lyre—for swords be plough-shares taken;

Let fall the chisel—stop the loom's quick play;  
Leave all thy courts, thy palaces forsaken!

He, in whose name thy banners shall be  
shaken,

Bids all His people come in war's array.

Thus a great altar shalt thou build Him,  
yonder

In His eternal Freedom's morning-red,  
Cleaving the sawn rocks with thy sword  
asunder,

Thy temple founding on thy Hero-dead!

What mourn you, wives? Why, girls, are  
your tears flowing—

For whom the Lord armed not the sword's  
true steel;

When we rush forth, with eager transport  
glowing,

Amidst your spoilers' host our young limbs  
throwing—

That you the fight's bold pleasure cannot feel?

God's altars bring you peace—the gates of  
Heaven;

He gave the wounded to your tender care;  
The pure, fair conquest of the good is given,  
By Him, in mercy, to your hearts' deep  
prayer.

Pray! that the ancient strength our arms  
attending,

We stand, the olden Land of victory's might;  
Call on the slain, our German cause de-  
fending;

Call them as Spirits, righteous vengeance  
sending!

Call them good Angels of the conquering  
right!

Louisa, waft blest aid thy husband over!

Shade of our Ferdinand, our columns head!

All ye free German Hero-spirits, hover

Over us, o'er us—our conq'ring banners lead!

Heaven is thy help, my Land! Hell shall  
not thrall thee!

High beats thy heart, thy lusty oaks tower  
high!

Up! my brave Country, up! hear Freedom  
call thee!

Why should the grave-hills o'er thy dead  
appal thee?

High o'er them give thy free flag to the sky.  
Then shalt thou rest, my Land, in conquest  
glorious,

All proudly crowned by Fortune, as of old;  
Forget not thy true dead, when thus victorious,  
But bid the oaken wreath our urns enfold!

## THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER-EAGLE.

1818.

I HAIL thy blessed flight on pinions sounding,  
 Of victory's omens to my heart glad giver—  
 On! noble Eagle! clouds before thee sever—\*  
 Sweep, with revenge, graves of thy dead sur-  
 rounding.

A slave's rein checks the Horse † once freely  
 bounding;

I see the Rue Flower's ‡ pride turn pale and  
 shiver;

Beneath strange blows the crouching Lions §  
 quiver;

\* See "Through" in the foregoing Poems.

† The Arms of Luneberg.

‡ The Arms of Saxony.

§ The Arms of Holland.

Thou only in bold flight spreadst wings re-  
sounding!

Soon shall I join thy sons in arms abiding,  
Soon shall I meet thee on the battle riding,  
Our onward march to Freedom's victory  
guiding.

Whate'er the Minstrel's fate be writ in heaven,  
Joy to him! if the boon his sword hath  
striven

To win—a free land for his grave, be given!

## TO THE QUEEN LOUISA.

1813.  
—

HEAR, Holy One beloved, thy children  
kneeling  
In fervent prayer around thy throne of light!  
Again canst thou look down with kindred  
feeling,  
Blest Angel, weep no more! we wake to fight.  
The Prussian Eagle flies—Her trumpet  
pealing  
Calls thy glad people to defend the right;  
Thou seest none falter—each with Freedom  
chooses  
His death, and Slavery's offered life refuses.

---

Yet did we sleep, in coward sloth detained,  
Till by thy Spirit called towards thee to rise;  
To an unworthy time thy life was chained,  
And for revenge implored thy mournful eyes:  
Thus thou for us the German soul regained.  
Look down! thy land enslaved no longer lies:  
How true and brave all hearts once more are  
burning!

Call us again thine own to arms returning!

And as, of old, quick valorous strength to  
waken,

A holy Image, to the righteous war,  
To guard the banners of the host, was taken—  
An Oriflamme, that bore heaven's aid afar,  
So shall thy form float, when our flag is  
shaken,

To victory, through the night, our leading star,  
Louisa, guardian Saint, our cause defending!  
Louisa be our watchword, vengeance sending!

Thus when, against the hounds in battle  
beating,  
All fearlessly we rush their ranks within,  
Were even a thousand flames around us  
meeting—  
Should even a thousand deaths our columns  
thin—  
One look upon thy Flag our onset greeting,  
We stand all firm—and victory surely win!  
Whilst him thou gently bearst to thy bright  
Heaven,  
Who life for virtue, truth, and right hath  
given!

**YÄGER'S SONG.**1813.  
—

**Up, up, ye Yägers, brisk and free!  
From th' wall your carbines hand!  
The brave men force the world to yield!  
Up, on the foe! Up, to the field!  
For our German Fatherland!**

**From west and north, from south and east,  
Revenge our storm drives o'er;  
From Oder, Weser, Main's wave-shine,  
From the broad Elbe, from Father Rhine,  
And from the Danube's shore.**

**Yet meet we all here BROTHERS true,  
This swells our hearts' bold flood;**

ONE speech knits close our holy band,  
ONE God joins us—ONE Fatherland,  
ONE true-souled German blood.

We have not left our fathers' homes,  
By thirst of plunder led !  
Against an odious Tyrant's might  
We gladly dare the thickest fight—  
For this, our blood's well shed.

And you who love us may He guard,  
The Lord who Freedom gives !  
We buy the blessing with our blood,—  
All cheaply won—our highest good !  
Even with a thousand lives.

Then, my bold Yägers, brisk and free,  
Though the loved girls' tears flow,  
In the just war God is our shield !  
Victory or death ! Up to the field !  
Up, Brothers, on the foe !

## SONG OF THE BLACK YÄGERS.

1813.  
—

To th' field, to th' field! Hear vengeful spirits  
    crying,

Up, Germans, to the war! (*bis*)

To th' field! to th' field! On high our stand-  
    ards flying

Victory's sure leaders are. (*bis*)

Small is our Host, but great is our reliance  
On God, our righteous guard!

All arts of hell they mock with proud defiance  
Whom His blest Angels ward.

No quarter! Can you not the sword raise  
    fairly?

No shame to choak their breath;

And sell your last life-drops in slaughter  
dearly,  
We all are freed by death.

Still grief for valour slain our vengeance  
dresses;  
Black mourning clothes we wear;  
Should any ask you what this red expresses,  
The Frenchman's blood is there.

God with us! o'er the foes' heaped corpses  
gory  
The star of peace shall beam;  
Then plant we the white mark of victory's  
glory  
Along the Rhine's free stream.

**HEDWIG'S WELL, NEAR JAUER.**1813.  
—

How shall I speak what in my breast hath  
striven?  
How joy and sorrow bear, quick changes  
proving,  
My softened heart to days of happy loving,  
In which tears had not yet their poison given!  
Who hath bound in with sorrow my free  
Heaven?  
Who dared to fetter thus my spirit's roving,  
The minstrel to war's crimes by force re-  
moving?  
Who hath my tree of peace thus foully riven?

L

What! hath not mine own hand the sword  
fast strained,  
That to my German soil, by blood free rained,  
Youth for a holy work, and life, he gained?  
  
There speaks a God, in these waves' mur-  
murs dwelling,  
“Strength must have way, the rocky heart  
o'er-swelling,  
And from the deeps of death springs life  
pure welling.”

## LAST COMFORT.\*

1813.

WHY bend ye your brows thus dark with  
fright—

Why gaze ye thus wildly out on the night,  
Ye free souls of manly daring?

Now howls the storm, now roars the Sea—  
Now trembles the Earth as a shaken tree;  
We hide not the peril we're sharing.

Hell rages with hotter fury now,  
All vainly much noble blood did flow,  
Yet triumph the wicked before us.  
But the vengeance of Heaven shall reach  
them still—

\* On the retreat of the allied armies across the Elbe.

Not idly the blood-streaks our night-clouds  
fill,

For the red dawn of day shall spread o'er us.

And, if courage and strength were taaked  
before,

Now let all our might be gathered once more—  
The ship sinks in port, if forsaken !

Arouse thee, our youth! now the Tiger is  
near—

To thy arms, our Landsturm,\* thy time 's now  
here—

My People, yet sleeping, awaken !

And we here in arms together met,  
Who boldly on death open eyes have set ;  
All our rights will we have, none abating :  
We will save our freedom, our Fatherland ;  
Or gladly die with the sword in hand,  
Both slavery and tyrants hating.

---

\* See Korner's life, page 65, for a note on this word. The Landsturm is a general levy, *en masse*, of the people, for the national defence.

With Freedom lost, Life can have no worth—  
What avails to us a wide, boundless earth,  
With no Fatherland's holy keeping ?  
Our Fatherland freed we once more will see,  
Or go to our Fathers, the happy, the free !  
Aye—happy and free in death sleeping !

Then howl, thou storm, then roar, thou sea !  
Then tremble, thou earth, like a shaken tree !  
Our souls shall ye chain not— though reeling,  
The earth may beneath us in ruin fall,  
Yet free will we live and die through all,  
Our bond with life's last blood sealing !

**BAND-SONG BEFORE FIGHT.\***

1813.

Dooming death, by omens clouded,  
Now just dawns the awful day;  
And the blood-red Sun, mist-shrouded,  
Coldly lights our blood-stained way.  
In the next hour's lap turned over,  
All a world's mixed fortunes lie;  
Now the drawn lots doubtful hover,  
Now is thrown the iron die —  
Brothers! you are warned by the fast break-  
ing morning,  
Each hour of your holiest bond is deep  
warning;  
Joined, true in death as in life, be your tie !

\* On the 12th May, 1813, the morning of the battle of Danneberg.

Night behind us gray gloom stretches,  
O'er disgrace, dishonour's stroke;  
O'er the wrongs of foreign wretches,  
Who have crushed the German Oak:  
Our Land's speech have they disgraced;  
Thrown our temples to the ground;  
As the pledge our honour's placed,  
German brothers, free the bound!  
Brothers, Revenge flames! your lifted hands  
                pleading  
Join, from the Heavens holy vengeance down  
                leading!  
Free be our long-lost Palladium found!  
  
Hope, before us, clear hath given,  
In the future, golden days;  
Open stands a perfect Heaven,  
Bright with Freedom's happy rays;  
German arts—Lyres German singing,  
Woman's beauty, Love's blest reign—  
All that 's noble back are bringing,  
All that 's fair shall meet again!

But first we are called to a terrible daring,  
Life and our blood must we venture unsparing,  
Only life offered the bliss can obtain.

Now, with God, the venture daring,  
Firmly joined we tempt our fate ;  
To His altar our hearts bearing,  
There, opposing death we wait.  
Fatherland ! for thee life giving,  
At thy high command we bleed,  
To our loved, a last gift, leaving  
The dear soil our blood hath freed.  
Grow, Freedom, broad in the German Oak  
spreading !  
Grow o'er our corpses, to heaven their height  
leading !  
Fatherland, hear us, our holy oath heed !

For one instant, tender-hearted,  
Back upon the loved-one look ;  
Leave the flower of gladness parted,  
Which the poisonous south-wind broke.

If your eye the moist grief cover,  
No disgrace is in the tear;  
To her waft one last kiss over,  
Trust her then with God, nor fear!  
Every lip now in prayer for us pleading,  
Every heart now by us crushed and bleeding,  
Guardian and Comforter, great God, be near!

Bravely now the battle meeting,  
Eye and heart up-turn to th' light;  
From our view the earth is fleeting—  
Heaven arises on our sight.  
Man yourselves, each German brother!  
Let each nerve a hero swell!  
In Heaven true hearts meet each other—  
To this world a last farewell!  
Hark! now the fight peals in thunder before  
us!  
On, brothers, on! through the fire raining  
o'er us!  
In a happier world shall meet all who here fell.

## PRAYER DURING FIGHT.

1818.

FATHER, I call on Thee!  
Clouds of the cannon smoke round me are  
wreathing,  
Thunders in hissing flames round me are  
breathing,  
Guider of battles, I call on Thee!  
Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!  
Lead me in victory, lead me in dying:  
Lord, I acknowledge Thy hand on me lying;  
Lord, as Thou willest, thus lead Thou me.  
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!  
In falling murmurs the Autumn leaves under,  
As in the storm of the fight's pealing thunder,

Fountain of Grace, I acknowledge Thee !  
Father, oh, bless Thou me !

Father, oh, bless Thou me !  
My life I trust to thee, Father in Heaven,  
Thou canst retake it, Thou hast it given ;  
In life and in death, oh, bless Thou me !  
Father, all praise to Thee !

Father, all praise to Thee !  
We for no riches of earth are contending,  
All that is holy our swords are defending ;  
Then dying, conquering, still praise we Thee !  
God, oh, dispose of me !

God, oh, dispose of me !  
When death's loud thunder my last breath is  
hailing !  
When in my open veins life-blood is failing :  
Thou, my God, then oh dispose of me !  
Father, I call on Thee !

## DISCONTENT.\*

1813.

'MIDST his revels, bliss creating,  
Fatherland! thou call'dst the bard,  
To the death thy Tyrants hating—  
Though 'midst songs and love long waiting,  
Forth at last his soul's storm warred.  
And he burst, half broken-hearted,  
Every bond which friendships twine;  
Wrung by woe from these he parted,  
And was thine.

Oft with pleasure fraught, and weeping,  
To the past his thoughts would rove;  
Songs, awaking memories sleeping,  
Bore him, their sweet heart's-bridge keeping,  
To the golden land of love!  
Ah! 'twas merely fancy's revel;

\* When I was forced to watch the Shores of the Elbe  
near Sandow for a long time.

For the hours, with furious haste,  
Threw him 'midst life's noisy evil,  
Storm-bound fast.

But, how stem life's trouble-throwing,  
With no battle's red morn-breath?

Give the Muses peace bestowing,  
Or the fight with fierce fire glowing,  
Give me songs or give me death!

Leave me tears, my sad heart thronging,  
Leave me love, to bless the night—  
Or else drown my soul's peace-longing  
In the fight!

All around me cannons thunder,  
Distant drums loud summon me;  
German crowns the die are under!

Shall I from this struggle sunder,  
And the stream's calm watcher be?

Shall I die, in plain prose lying?  
Poesy—blest flame, Heaven's boon!  
O'er me, break to light, in dying—  
But, oh! soon!

## TO THE KING.\*

1813.

HAIL! hail, my Prince, upon thy throne  
bright gleaming!

The heart, opprest by height of woe, is broken;  
Hail to thee! hath its last strength joyful  
spoken!

Grief dies 'midst height of joy in victory  
beaming:

Aye—till the last tide of our tongue is stream-  
ing,

Our Fatherland bears of him joyful token,  
Who for his land, his crown—the chaplet  
oaken,

All kingly fought—in death a king beseeeming!

\* When it was rumoured that he had fallen in the skirmish at Bausner.

Along thy blood-stream poured is victory flowing;

Thy name the tyrant's hosts in ruin throwing;

To avenge THEIR KING alone thy land's truth shewing!

Thou from soft sleep, on pillowry corpses taken,  
All softly in thy golden realms awaken,  
Where blooming palms replace thy Oaks forsaken!

## THE TROOPER'S SONG.

1813.

ON ! boldly on, with rapid sweep !  
The world lies free before ;  
Though round us crafty foes still keep  
Their fence, by frauds meshed o'er.  
Bound, noble steed, curveting free—  
The oak-crowns yonder glance !  
Stretch out ! stretch out, and carry me  
On to the glad sword-dance !

Unconquered, high in heaven's pure breath,  
The Trooper's frank soul dwells !  
For all that cowers in dust beneath,  
His free blood never swells.  
All pain, all care, behind him far—  
Wife, child, and house, and herd ;

Freedom or death before him are—  
And near him his good sword.

Thus on to th' merry wedding feast,  
The bridal crown our prize ;  
Who lets his loved wait, e'en the least,  
Him our free band denies.  
Our honour is the wedding guest,  
Our Fatherland the bride,  
Her with right warmth hath he embraced,  
Whom death binds to her side.

Aye, sweet and blest full well may be,  
In such love-night, thy sleep !  
Thy loved one's arms soft pillow thee,  
Whilst she true watch doth keep.  
And when upon the grove's green side,  
New oak-leaves are unfurled,  
She wakens thee with happy pride,  
In endless Freedom's world.

Then whilst we see, now fall, now rise,  
The giddy orb of fate,  
Wherein fight's shifting fortune lies,  
All unappalled we wait.

For German freedom will we stand—  
Be in the Grave's deep womb,  
Or high on Victory's chosen land,  
Our lot; we bless the doom.

If God our conquering march arrays,  
Can scoffs resist His nod ?  
Yes ! God's right arm our sword doth raise,  
Our shield shall be our God !—  
Now, fiercely round us battle storms,  
Yet bravely on, good horse !  
Were the world filled with demon forms,  
Thy way right through them force !

## COMFORT.\*

1813.

HEART! be by fear unshaken,  
Though foes may cheat and threat;  
God's vengeance shall awaken,  
He Freedom's God is yet:

Let the mad wretch threat raving,  
Yet shall he miss his aim,  
When forth, his fury braving,  
Bursts Freedom's sacred flame:

Bright, 'midst long woes, hath darted  
Its radiance o'er the dead;  
By millions—the free-hearted,  
With their best life's blood fed:

\* Written upon the conclusion of the Truce.

It burns—his throne lies ashes;  
It melts—chains drop from slaves:  
Palms bloom, nursed 'midst its flashes,  
O'er German heroes' graves.

Then be by fear unshaken,  
Though foes may cheat and threat;  
God's vengeance shall awaken,  
He Freedom's God is yet!

## LEAVE-TAKING FROM LIFE.\*

1813.

THE deep wound burns—my parched lips  
coldly quiver—

I feel, by my faint heart's unsteady beating,  
That the last pulse of my young life is fleet-  
ing—

God, to thy hands my spirit I deliver !

How sounds of coming death all harshly sever  
The fair dream-music, where bright forms  
were meeting !

Yet, courage ! what hath given my heart true  
greeting,

I shall yet keep to dwell with me for ever !

\* Written on the night 17th—18th June, 1813, as I lay  
badly wounded, and without succour, in a wood; and fully  
thought I should die there.

And all towards which my worship here  
ascended,  
What my hot youth, with fieriest zeal  
defended,  
Now viewed in Freedom—once with Love  
all blended,  
I see, as a light seraph, o'er me flying—  
And whilst each fainting sense is slowly  
dying,  
It wafts sweet airs with Heaven's morn-fra-  
grance sighing !

**LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.\***

1813.

WHAT gleams through yon wood in the sun-light gay?

—Hark!—nearer and nearer sounding,  
They gallop towards us in dark array!  
And echoing horns loudly ring o'er their way,  
Till fear chills our hearts' free bounding:  
Should you ask who that band of black riders  
are,  
That is Lutzow's chase, the wild Yägers of  
war!

\* Perhaps as widely known by Weber's delightful music as any song in the "Lyre and Sword."

What brushes quick yon dark forest round—  
 From hill to hill lightly glances ?  
 They lie by night in their ambush-ground ;  
 Their *huzza* peals—loud their carabines  
 sound !

I th' death-leap each French fool dances ;  
 Should you ask who that band of black  
 hunters are,  
 That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of war.

Where yon grapes ripely cluster,—yon loud  
 waves shine,  
 The wretches would lurk in their flying ;  
 Like a storm-cloud rushes that long dark line,  
 They swim, with stout arms, o'er the rapid  
 Rhine,  
 To the shore where their foemen are lying ;  
 Should you ask who that band of black  
 swimmers are,  
 That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of  
 war.

Why peals through yon valley the stormy  
fight?

What sabres are yonder clashing?

There th' wild-hearted warriors strike for  
their right—

There the sparks of Freedom burst free to light,  
Till they blaze up in blood-flames flashing!

Should ye ask who that band of black  
troopers are,

That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of  
war!

In his last sun-light yonder who gasping lies,  
Corpse-pillowed by ranks he has shivered?  
Death heavily weighs on his sinking eyes,  
Yet his stout heart quails not—he gladly dies,  
For his Fatherland is delivered!

Should you ask who those black dying war-  
riors are,

That was Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yäger's  
of war!

Our own wild Chase, 'tis our German Chase,  
'Gainst the Tyrant's blood, the Oppressor!  
Then each who beloves us dries tears from  
her face,  
When our Land is once freed, and day fair  
in night's place,  
Though our death have won Freedom to  
bless her;  
And from sons down to sons shall our names  
be told far—  
That was LUTZOW'S CHASE—the wild Yägers  
of war!

## PRAYER.

1818.

\* **Hear us, great God of might!**  
**Hear us, great Judge of right!**  
**Leader of battles, in Heaven!**  
**Father, all praise to Thee;**  
**Father, Thy grace thank we,**  
**That we for Freedom have striven !**

**Though Hell rage through the land,**  
**Father, Thy strong right hand,**  
**Crushing all liar's plots, hath freed us;**  
**Lead us, Jehovah! Lord!**  
**Lead us, Great Triune Word!**  
**To fight and victory lead us!**

\* In rhythmical structure, this English comes as near the Latin "O Sanctissima," &c. as the German. The difficulty of measure is apparent.

Lead us!—Even though our doom  
Fall in the grave's deep womb,  
Praised and blest be Thy name! Thine  
All powers, thrones, and glories are,  
Now, and for evermore!  
Lead us, Almighty God!—Amen!

## AUSTRIA'S TWIN EAGLES.\*

1813.

BE blest to me, ye holy Twins! glad token  
That, spite of all this sick, delirious fever,  
My years of youth's hot pride death shall not  
sever;

Aye, here I meet thee, Land of th' free trees  
oaken!

A call, as though by angel voices spoken,  
Drew me towards thy Eagles, friendly ever;  
My blood had flowed, my country to deliver,  
On Freedom's altar—and my strength was  
broken

By traitors' blows. Fair, as in Poet's dream-  
ing,

\* When I returned to Austria wounded.

Here find I Justice, in THY twin eyes  
beaming —

With Tyrants' ruin, Freedom's conquest  
gleaming.

The Devil must fall. Hapsburgh to glory  
waken!

God guards thy banners over death-fields  
shaken!

Up, Austria! Charles thy conquering sword  
hath taken!

## OUR RELIANCE.

ISIS.

We call on Thee, all unaffrighted;  
Thy word our trust—our anchor-rock!  
By hell we will not be benighted:  
Through earthquake—murder—ruin's shock;  
Whatever break—whate'er endure,  
We know Thy word shall yet stand sure.

No coward struggle wins Faith's blessing;  
Dearly such noble prize is bought:  
No grape drops wine, until, hard-pressing,  
The stone its task hath fairly wrought:  
And, would an Angel mount the skies,  
A human heart, to free it, dies.

Therefore, though still in fraud and error  
Lies may their hollow temple build;  
May hate strong virtuous truth with terror,  
And empty knaveries raise and gild;

And, with the coward's giddy cheat,  
A wakened Nation's anger meet :

Though brother yet may war on brother,  
Quarreling with causeless bloody hate :  
And sister crowns to one another  
Madly their mutual ties forget ;  
Nor mind that Germany alone  
Writes the world's laws—stands she but ONE :

Yet leave we not Thy name forsaken,  
But with true, stedfast courage stand :  
Against the wretch Thy wrath shall waken,  
Yet shalt Thou free Thy German land !  
Even though that day were years off now,  
Who knows the fitting time but Thou ?

THY TIME, that shall our Land deliver,  
With Freedom—with the Tyrant slain !  
By Thee the Dragon falls for ever,  
Dyeing our streams with ruddy rain :  
The blood of slaves—the blood of th' free—  
Just God ! avenge when pleaseth Thee !

---

**WHAT IS LEFT?**

1813.

**WHAT\*** is left, when our Land's pillars  
crumble ?

When th' gods' oracles deceive ?

When none avenge the wounds that manhood  
humble ?

When lies what holiest we believe ?

When through our Fatherland all maddened  
rages

Our youth round dungeon walls in vain ?

And, when our people's Spartan valour wages  
Vain war, but heaping slain on slain ?

\* The liberty in the length of some of these lines corresponds with the German.

What is left, when, though for Freedom  
    fighting,  
Gnashing our teeth, we yield to fate ?—  
And th' Tyrant's butcher slaves swarm, sun-  
    light blighting,  
Murdering through Freedom's temple-gate ?  
What is left, when, our blood vainly drinking,  
Smoke all our Fatherland's wide graves ?  
And Freedom's star, THE GERMAN LIFE-  
    STAR sinking  
From German skies, sets in red waves ?  
What is left? No stream that Wisdom  
    brightens;  
No Arts—of peace the hallowed band ;  
Above the slave no sun-ray darkness lightens ;  
Arts seek a freer Fatherland !  
All the gods' holy voices have departed,  
Stunned by wild cries of slavery ;  
And Homer—he had never sung free-hearted,  
Had not his Greece been proudly free !

What is left!—meek Christian patience solely,  
Suffering where coward tears are spilt!—  
Shall mine own hand destroy that altar  
    holy,  
Which in my heart to God I built?  
Is that God's finger-work, where all blest  
    Powers,  
That watch o'er man, for vengeance cry?  
No!—where the Devil devilishly devours,  
That is alone Hell's victory!—  
Is nothing left? Are all good Angels flying,  
With changing faces turned away?  
Are all Hope's golden flower-stems crushed  
    and dying,  
Because the Conqueror's palms decay?  
Can the arm grasp no cross of power un-  
    shaken,  
In our last, deepest need to save?  
Can we do nought but weep and mourn  
    forsaken?

Have we no freedom but the grave?—

Yet! yet, we see it in our youth forth breaking,  
ing,

In our whole Nation's hero-soul:

Yes! there is yet a German valour waking,  
To rend our neck-chains like a scroll!

Though Tyranny may Freedom's altar shiver,  
To rear her hateful palace high—

Yet Germany, howe'er thou fall,—for ever  
Thou canst not—shalt not, ruined lie!

Yet, from on high, the spark of hope is  
given;—

On! with false fortune bravely fight!

THERE WAS A STAR—now sunk indeed from  
heaven,

Yet comes it back with morning light!

There was a star—stars set for sure returning  
IT WAS FAIR FREEDOM'S GOLDEN STAR!

Let bloody clouds roll darkly burning,  
With God who guards it dare they war?

Let devils rage, with fury yelling—  
No Fiend, no Tyrant, strikes so high :  
They cannot rob one star from Heaven's high  
dwelling,—  
**OUR STAR HAS SET—BUT IN THE SKY !**  
Though our brave youth lie in death-slumber,  
**YET THE FREE WILL NO TYRANT SLAYS ;**  
And German Heroes' blood-streaks number  
Our Freedom's ruddy morning rays !



## **POSTHUMOUS POEMS,**

**WRITTEN**

**ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE KÖRNER FELL IN BATTLE,  
AND ADDED TO HIS "LYRE AND SWORD."**

*(See the Life.)*



**MEN AND CHILDREN.\***

The Nation arises—War-storms burst wild—  
Who sits now, hands in his lap, like a child ?  
Shame, dastard ! shame on thee, mannikin  
tender!

Crouching 'midst gossips, 'midst girls, o'er the  
fender !

A wretched pale craven art thou for this ;  
No German girl thy lip shall kiss,  
No German song can lend thee bliss,  
No German wine thy soul's cheer is.

A health with you,  
Ye comrades true,  
Who your gleaming sabres drew !

See Translator's Preface, and Life.

Whilst we the cold night in watching past,  
 Benumbed by rain and the whistling blast;  
 Close to soft pillows of luxury creeping,  
 Thou mightst in dreams be securely sleeping:

A wretched pale craven art thou for this;  
 No German girl thy lip shall kiss,  
 No German song can lend thee bliss,  
 No German wine thy soul's cheer is.

A health with you,  
 Ye comrades true,  
 Who your gleaming sabres drew!

Whilst through our hearts th' loud trumpet's  
 clang,  
 Like God's own thunder, suddenly rang;  
 Thou wast in a theatre taking thy pleasure,  
 Wast beating to singers and dancers in mea-  
 sure.

A wretched pale craven art thou for this,  
 No German girl thy lip shall kiss,

No German song can lend thee bliss,  
No German wine thy soul's cheer is.

A health with you,  
Ye comrades true,  
Who your gleaming sabres drew !

'Neath the Sun's fierce noon-blaze, as faint  
we sank,

And scarcely one drop of cool water drank ;  
Thy brisk champaigne drove its cork to the  
ceiling,

At revels, where tables with dainties were  
reeling ;

A wretched pale craven art thou for this,  
No German girl thy lip shall kiss,  
No German song can lend thee bliss,  
No German wine thy soul's cheer is.

A health with you,  
Ye comrades true,  
Who your gleaming sabres drew !

'Midst the hottest battle, as close we fought,  
Upon our true-loved and far homes we  
thought;

Whilst thou, with some mistress all gaily  
toying,

Love such as gold can buy wast enjoying.

A wretched pale craven art thou for this,  
No German girl thy lip shall kiss,  
No German song can lend thee bliss,  
No German wine thy soul's cheer is;

A health with you,  
Ye comrades true,  
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

Round us whizzed the bullet, swift sang the  
spear,

And Death in a thousand dread shapes stood  
near:

Whilst thou wast at hazard, where each of  
you panted,

For aces, or kings, to fall as he wanted.

A wretched pale craven art thou for this,

No German girl thy lip shall kiss,

No German song can lend thee bliss,

No German wine thy soul's cheer is;

A health with you,

Ye comrades true,

Who your gleaming sabres drew!

When knells our hour, in the fight's hot  
breath,

Then welcome, with joy, blessed soldiers' death!

Whilst thou shalt crouch 'neath silk cover-  
lids, trying

To hide thee, and shudder with dread of dying.

Thou diest, mean craven, all white with  
fear:

No German girl will shed a tear,

No German song thy name endear,

No German wine embalm thy bier!

A health with you,

Ye comrades true,

Who your gleaming sabres drew!

**WINE-SONG BEFORE FIGHT.\***

**FIGHT, thou breakst out!**  
Give the red battle, at meeting,  
**Loud, German-hearted, glad greeting !**  
**Brother—about!**

Wine gems the cup;  
Ere trumpets bray loud defiance,  
With life we drink glad alliance;  
**Brother, fill up !**

Our God will hear  
Sons of their Fatherland kneeling,  
O'er the grave's brink their faith sealing—  
**Brother, you swear !**

\* The last line of each verse is the literal form of words often used in passing round the cup in Germany, at their festivals.

Our Fatherland,  
Conquering or slain we'll deliver;  
Her burning chains will we shiver—  
Word and joined hand!

Hark! war-sounds pass!  
From love, and from song glad-hearted,  
Death! not by thee are we parted!  
Pledge with touched glass!

Up! hear war's shout!  
We're wooed by the fond trumpet's crying—  
Forwards! for living or dying!  
Brother, drink out!



### SWORD SONG.\*

---

SWORD at my left side gleaming!  
 Why is thy keen glance beaming,  
 So fondly bent on mine?  
 I love that smile of thine !

Hurrah!

“ Borne by a trooper daring,  
 My looks his fire-glance wearing,  
 I arm a freeman’s hand,  
 This well delights thy brand,

Hurrah!”

\* See the Life. This Song is a dialogue between the Trooper and his Sword—the verses marked by commas being the replies of the “IRON BRIDE.” It is to be sung during the performance of the Sword Exercise; and at each “*Hurrah!*” the troopers clash their swords.

Aye, good sword! Free I wear thee;  
 And true heart's love I bear thee,  
 Betrothed one at my side,  
 As my dear chosen bride.

Hurrah!

"To thee till death united,  
 Thy steel's bright life is plighted;  
 Ah, were my love but tried!  
 When wilt thou wed thy bride?

Hurrah!"

The trumpet's festal warning  
 Shall hail our bridal morning;  
 When loud the cannon chide,  
 Then clasp I my loved bride,

Hurrah!

"Oh, joy, when thine arms hold me!  
 I pine until they fold me.  
 Come to me! bridegroom, come!  
 Thine is my maiden bloom.

Hurrah!"

Why, in thy sheath upspringing,  
 Thou, wild dear steel, art ringing?  
 Why clanging with delight,  
 So eager for the fight?

Hurrah!

“ Well may thy scabbard rattle,  
 Trooper, I pant for battle;  
 Right eager for the fight,  
 I clang with wild delight.

Hurrah!”

Why thus, my love, forth creeping?  
 Stay, in thy chamber sleeping,  
 Wait, still, i’ th’ narrow room;  
 Soon for my bride I come.

Hurrah!

“ Keep me not longer pining!  
 Oh, for Love’s garden, shining  
 With roses, bleeding red,  
 And blooming with the dead!

Hurrah!”

Come from thy sheath then, treasure !  
 Thou Trooper's true eye-pleasure ;  
 Come forth, my good sword, come !  
 Enter thy father-home !

Hurrah

“ Ha ! in the free air glancing,  
 How brave this bridal dancing !  
 How in the Sun's glad beams,  
 Bride-like thy bright steel gleams !

Hurrah ! ”

Come on, ye German Horsemen !  
 Come on, ye valiant Norsemen !<sup>(10)</sup>  
 Swells not your hearts' warm tide ?  
 Clasp each in hand his bride !

Hurrah !

Once at your left side sleeping,  
 Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping,  
 Now, wedded with your right,  
 God plights your bride i' th' light.

Hurrah !

Then press, with warm caresses,  
Close lips, and bridal kisses,  
Your steel — curst be his head,  
Who fails the bride he wed!

Hurrah!

Now, till your swords flash, flinging  
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing :  
Day dawns for bridal pride ;  
Hurrah, thou Iron-bride !

Hurrah !

**P O E M S**

**TO THE MEMORY OF**

**CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.**



## THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

## I

FAST, in high pride, the young Oak-plant  
    was growing;  
All gaily round it waved the budding green;  
And full of pleasaunce, strong, and brave  
    't was seen,  
Its towering head up to the cloud-world  
    throwing;  
Right noble foliage presaging and sheen,  
With ample shade: which the leaf Kingdoms  
    knowing,  
Soon all the forests rang, its praises showing—  
Sweet music breathed its murmuring leaves  
    between,

As of love-gales; and then its branches sing-  
ing

Sounded, as though Apollo, th' warrior bard,  
His Godlike lyre amongst the boughs light  
flinging

Had hung: Alas! it sank; a storm blew hard,  
Too soon to death my fallen sapling bringing,  
In his youth's flower, the Hero, and the  
Bard!\*

## II

Show me the path near which his tomb is  
lying,

Where have ye in the grave my hero laid?  
In the deep echo of his song-gifts dying,  
Him with bright rays his hero-deeds yet  
shade:

His heart was great; his spirit, heavenward  
flying,

\* The rhyme repeated in the German.

With links of songs and deeds his life-chain  
made.

Where have ye in the grave my hero laid ?  
Shew me the path near which his tomb is  
lying.—

“Thy youth sleeps where, alas ! to th’ battle  
plain

Too deep a draught of noble blood was  
given.”—

There, thou young hero, sounded the last  
strain

Which thy harp echoed with thy spirit riven ;  
Father,\* oh bless me ! was its prayer to hea-  
ven ;

This thy first hymn the world of peace to gain.

### III

Ye, once the noble dead so dearly loving,  
Come with me to the mound above his grave !  
Our onward steps shall holy breezes lave,

\* See “Prayer during fight.”

The Oaks which shade his honoured dust,  
 light moving ;  
 There weeping Friendship laid him, thither  
 roving,  
 We follow her—" Where oaken branches wave  
 O'er the calm tomb, their speechless sorrow  
 proving ;  
 This unforgotten site sad Friendship gave :  
 But where the last his fiery courage flamed,  
 Fearfully slain, the battle's terror tamed,  
 His dear remains their refuge might not keep :  
 For a high deed roused by his soul-thirst  
 deep,  
 A German prince the mouldering hero claimed,  
 In his proud burial-place with kings to  
 sleep."(11)

## IV

There is the loved child of the Muses sleep-  
 ing ;  
 Forget him not, my German Fatherland !

The wreath no more his youthful brow doth  
band—

But round the urn above his dust is creeping.  
Where now his lyre-tones, ask'st thou, Sheep-  
herd, weeping?

The form sank—yet his soul doth with us  
stand:

Here swear to die your children's Freedom  
keeping,

Ye brave sons of our German fatherland!  
Foremost in fight his country to deliver,  
He roused us first, and shewed the sacred  
way—

How, near his urn, we feel his words to-day!  
Thus honour him! whilst yon grove leaves  
light quiver

With choirs of nightingales delighting ever  
Their homage in his own loved songs to pay!

C. A. TIEDGE.

## TO THE MEMORY OF KÖRNER.

---

A STEED of flame we saw thy hand restraining—

Thou noble poet, for God's cause true fighter!  
Black horseman, of thy country's foes the  
smiter!

Before us bright on Seraph-wings remaining.  
High on her sunlit throne now Freedom's  
reigning;

Through the storm-cloud beams Victory's  
glance the brighter.

This had thy lyre foretold, devoted writer!  
This sealed thy sword, in death the Victory  
gaining!

For this victorious—lyre and sword victori-  
ous!

Thou graceful swan! — thy hero-soul was  
breathed  
With songs and heart's blood forth in one  
pure river:  
Thus was thy death, in life's best triumph  
glorious,  
To men the ensample for brave souls be-  
queathed;  
And in the bards' lament thou livest for ever!

WOLFART.

THE WARRIOR BARD.  
—

THY warlike lyre is mute — alas! for ever;  
Thy valiant sword now in its sheath doth  
rest.

Yet look down, thou who didst thy land deli-  
ver!

Thy fatherland is free — thy wish is blest.  
Not tears, but songs of triumph be the giver  
Of thy death-honours! — and the fires thy  
breast

Cherished, let them roll forth one bright  
flame-river

With thine own songs of burning power im-  
prest!

Thus when the bard, from dreams of fancy's  
giving,

Steps forth to life, and works amidst the living:

Thy fate shall teach the world of credence hard,

That he the golden strings so bravely sweep-ing

Hath bravely died, in fight his free land keeping—

**THE TRUEST HERO IS THE TRUEST BARD!**

**FRANZ THEREMIN.**

### TO THE MOTHER OF KÖRNER.

---

No! I will not dry thy tears—well knowing  
That no human hand can stay their flowing;  
Or the weight lift from thy troubled breast:  
But to join to thine my wail and weeping  
Be my endless comfort; ever keeping  
Grief with thee, mother, by woe sore prest!

When, within, heart-sacred pangs are raging,  
Friendship hath no tones their force assuaging;

Every word offends the wounded heart:  
By rude comforters afresh 't is broken—  
To thee, Mother, hath a mother spoken,  
Of thy pain she best can know the smart.

---

She knows how the doom thy heart did har-  
row,

Which, with thee, hath sunk us all in sorrow;  
Such a son to lose, an only son!  
In the very bloom of youth's pride growing,  
Pure and strong, with noble courage glowing,  
Whose high soul these weaker times outrun!

Thus he stood, above his land's sons tower-  
ing,

Wakening all, his mighty song outpouring,  
With the fire which through his spirit glowed;  
Then his soul the heaven-sent blessing  
covered,

On the wings of poetry, he hovered  
O'er mankind, and held his empire proud!

Never hath he his sacred lyre profaned!  
Never has worldly power his song's praise  
gained!

Never hath he abused the holy gift!  
 But of his Country's rights, and virtue telling,  
 With the untainted fire of youth high swelling,  
 The song his pure heart up to heaven did lift!

And what he sang he bravely kept! When  
     sounded  
 His Fatherland's war-call, to arms he  
     bounded —  
 Bursting from his friends' embrace away!  
 —Flew where peril frowned, the bravest  
     frighting,  
 Where against a hundred ten were fighting,  
 But where freedom was the conqueror's prey!

In arms falling—what! oh, say not FALLING—  
 The high tone of valour's pride appalling,  
 Never breathe such coward word at all!  
 For a holy right his life was given,  
 He man's fairest crown from death hath riven;  
 Winkelred and Decius<sup>(12)</sup> cannot fall!

---

Freedom's noble warrior lives for ever,  
 Of his feeble race the long out-liver,  
 All the world and time he triumphs o'er;  
 Whilst in dust his millions Death shall humble,

Whilst their puny hearts with sick pains  
 crumble,

Free to the bright star-path doth he soar.

See! with brother's kiss, and welcome greeting,  
 Sigeth's\* Hero, there thy son glad meeting,  
 Doth his Bard with eager reverence scan;  
 "And thou," saith he, "our true faith's word  
 keepest,

Sunk in thy firm hero-breast—the deepest  
 Pledge of all, to death, to the last man."

"Tell it o'er wide Germany far sounding,  
 Till all hearts with noble pride are bounding,

\* Zriny, the Hungarian Hero, whose noble devotion in defence of Sigeth against the Turks, Korner made the subject of one of his best tragedies.—*See the Life.*

Lighted by thy valour's holy glow,  
 What thou sang, that fairly hast thou proved,  
 Right and Freedom to the death hast loved,  
 For a century's hearts thy blood did flow."

Aye, thus it is with souls than this world  
 better—

Earthly frames their powers hold not nor fetter,  
 They can work when breaks the frail clay urn :  
 O'er the future they, like stars far gleaming,  
 Light far distant times with fire fresh stream-  
 ing,—

At their very names our hearts will burn !

Thus thy sainted one shall have in heaven  
 Endless life, for that to God here given ;  
 He to thee by God was merely lent :  
 Now the Lord His own again hath taken —  
 Soon returning, in his home doth waken  
 This pure soul, for our earth never meant.

CAROLINE PICHLER.

## THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.\*

AFTER these strains of deep lament for their "warrior bard," from the Germans, let the last oaken wreath be laid upon Körner's tomb, by one who has often taught our hearts to mourn with the sorrows, and joyously to exult in the triumphs, of the best and holiest affections of our nature. The Life of Körner explains all the allusions of the following poem; after reading which, few will fail to understand why its influence has not here been interfered with, by even the slightest expression of the deep feelings it awakens.

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,  
 Thou, that beneath its crowning foliage sleep-  
 est,

And in the stillness of thy country's breast  
 Thy place of memory as an altar keepest;  
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
 Thou of the lyre and sword!

\* Copied from her Poems.

Rest, bard—rest, soldier!—by the father's  
hand

Here shall the child of after years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,  
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead;  
Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod  
With freedom and with God!

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore  
thee,

And with true hearts thy brethren of the  
fight

Wept, as they veiled their drooping banners  
o'er thee;

And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token  
That lyre and sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb—a lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying—  
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young  
head,

When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying ;  
Brother, true friend ! the tender and the  
brave—

She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her,  
To whom the wide world held that only spot—  
She loved thee—lovely in your lives ye were,  
And in your early deaths divided not.

Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy—what hath  
she ?

—Her own best place by thee !

It was thy spirit, brother ! which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful  
eye,

Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye  
played,

And sent glad singing through the free blue  
sky :

Ye were but two—and when that spirit passed,  
Woe to the one—the last !

Woe, yet not long—she lingered but to trace  
Thine image from the image in her breast;  
Once, once again to see that buried face  
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest;  
Too sad a smile! its loving light was o'er—  
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice de-  
parted,

The home too lonely whence thy step had  
fled,

What then was left for her, the faithful  
hearted?

Death, death, to still the yearning for the  
dead.

Softly she perished,—be the flower deplored  
Here, with the lyre and sword.

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust  
That meet for moments but to part for years,

That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust  
from dust,

That love where love is but a fount of tears.  
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell—  
Lyre, sword, and flower, farewell! \*

\* In acknowledgment of this Poem, the father of Körner sent the lines which immediately follow. They are taken from a MS. copy of the German, with which the Translator was favoured.

TO MRS. HEMANS.  
FROM THE FATHER OF THEODORE KÖRNER.

---

Gently, a voice from afar is borne to the ear  
of the mourner;  
Mildly it soundeth—yet strong, grief in his  
bosom to soothe;  
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts  
have a share in his sorrow,  
In whose depths, all things holy and noble  
are shrined.  
From that land, once dearly beloved by our  
brave one—the fallen,  
Mourning blent with bright fame—cometh a  
wreath for his urn.  
Hail to thee, England the free! thou seest in  
the German no stranger!  
Over the earth and the seas, joined be both  
lands, heart and hand!

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**ADDITIONAL NOTES;**  
**AND**  
**EXTRACTS FROM KÖRNER'S**  
**LETTERS.**



## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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### NOTE 1.—PREFACE, p. 6.

IN illustration of the feelings here described, some passages are extracted below from the letters of a German gentleman, to whose able and friendly aid the Translator here gratefully acknowledges many obligations. His long residence in England has given him an extensive knowledge of our language and constitution. Two of his older brothers served with the *Frei-Schaar*, in the times of our Poet; and his own intelligence, and enthusiastic interest in the freedom of his Country, will be appreciated by the following extracts, which we regret we have not space to extend in ample confirmation of our text. Speaking of the constitutions promised by the German

monarchs to their subjects, he says, "It is now twenty years since these royal pledges were given: and what has been the result of the apathy of the people in trusting them? These crowned perjurors have thereby gained time and strength to re-establish absolutism and tyranny in their full glory. It is true, that in Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and Hanover, there exist constitutions; but what miserable, ridiculous, half things are they! Each government strains every nerve to wrest from the people one right after another; and so wholly without successful resistance, that the representatives of the people will soon meet merely to sanction the expenditure of supplies granted, *pro forma*—without a shadow of deliberative power. Even were these governments in *any degree* desirous for the freedom of their subjects, (which none of their acts give us any reason

to suspect,) their lines of conduct are laid down by Metternich and the King of Prussia, to whose dictates they are compelled to bow. Thus are they made perjurors, and daily forced themselves to break the constitutions they have solemnly sworn to keep. What can the people do, split into twenty or thirty different petty states, each with a petty tyrant ? They have no concert, no union, no rallying point."—"Had the French bullets spared Körner, never would he have lived to see these days of shame. Again would he have sounded the Lyre, and drawn the Sword—but against no foreign foe ! How is he to be envied for his glorious death ! which almost certainly saved him from the dungeon and the scaffold; as they now are, and have always been, for a time, the cruel and unavailing defences of tyranny against the spirit of Freedom!"

## NOTE 2.—LIFE of KÖRNER, p. 41.

Without a dissertation of some length upon German University Education, we can scarcely hope to give any definition of the eccentric class of students known under the name *Ultra-Renowners*, which would be intelligible in England. The compound wilfulness, enthusiasm, honesty, and absurdity, with some taints of coarse excesses, exhibited by the character of the *Burschen*, are not paralleled by any *clique* amongst the varieties of our college peculiarities, and belong to Germany alone; not even finding any proper name in English. Despite of all which has been said upon this subject by many of that large class utterly devoid of more discriminating standards of morality than national prejudice, without seeking to gloss over palpable and noxious influences

upon character, the accurate observer will, on an ample enquiry, be forced to admit, that much warm and simple manliness of feeling is, amongst the Germans generally almost the sole *residuum*, in mature life, of these youthful extravagances; which evaporate as the years pass over whereto such things belong.

NOTE 3.—LIFE OF KÖRNER, p. 42.

The circumstances of Körner's quarrel with the Heads of the Leipzig University, and its consequences, which are merely very slightly hinted at by his father in the Life, were briefly these. While he was yet under arrest (if we may so express the condition of an offender, before he had received his punishment for a breach of collegiate law), for a duel arising out of the party disputes above mentioned, he was induced, by some aggra-

vated provocation, again to fight on behalf of a friend; under such circumstances as courted discovery, and openly affronted the laws of the college, which prohibit all duelling. As a half-year's incarceration would have been the certain penalty for this offence, had he remained to wait his sentence, and his course was nearly finished—Körner left the University of Leipzig. The letter from his father, answering his account of the business, and exposing and deplored the heat and indiscretion of his conduct, has been preserved, and exhibits the highest possible union of parental wisdom and kindness. This produced the proper effect upon the generous affections of Körner (the excess of which indeed could alone be chiefly blamed in his imprudent quarrel), and his whole subsequent conduct shewed how he returned his father's love and confidence.

**NOTE 4.—ON RAUCH'S BUST OF QUEEN  
LOUISA, p. 94.**

Extract from Körner's letter to his own family, 17th June, 1812.—“The sculptor Rauch, from Berlin, is now at Humboldt's—a dear honest German. He has finished a monument for our late Queen, upon which is a medallion of her head, which is unspeakably lovely, and the strongest likeness of any yet taken.”

**NOTE 5.—ON THE MUSIC OF PRINCE  
LOUIS FERDINAND, p. 111.**

Some explanation seems here needful to unfold the train of the poet's thought and feelings. Prince Louis Ferdinand, it will be remembered, was a son of the brother of the present King of Prussia. About the year 1806, he was leading a very wild and dissolute life, polluted by many excesses—

yet he was a young man of some promise, and of much genius as a musical composer. He had a command in the Prussian army, and fell in the unfortunate field of Jena and Saalfeld. Körner, in the first verse of this poem, refers to the evidences of a mixed character of good and evil—noble and sensual, as felt in the undecided effect produced by the music of Prince Louis upon his hearers. There are in it high spirit-stirring strains, yet tainted by his libertine feelings, and not breathing the unmixed, elevated soul of pure patriotism. The second and third verses describe, in very various and forcible images, the struggle between the earthly and heavenly in the Prince's nature: the fourth and fifth celebrate the full triumph of what is noble, in his decision to take up arms for his Country, and his death in her cause.

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NOTE 6.—HYMN FOR CONSECRATION OF  
THE FREE CORPS, p. 120.

*Up to His Freedom's morning ray.*—All the class of allusions, so frequent throughout the “Lyre and Sword,” comparing the blood of the battle-plain to the red dawning rays of the day of Freedom—Victory, to a temple in the sun-light of a better world—and similar energetic personifications, are eloquently described in a noble eulogy on Körner, which deserves to be given entire, had we space. From this the following is an extract. “*Tout est poesie pour lui : la flamme du mousquet, c'est l'étincelle de la liberté ; le sang qui rougit les campagnes, c'est le pourpre de l'aurore—de l'aurore de la liberté.*”—*Journal des Débats*, 21st Jan., 1830.—Similar metaphors occur in nearly every one of these poems.

**NOTE 7.—“THROUGH!” p. 125.**

We trust it is impossible the meaning of this poem should be so far mistaken as to be confounded with those satires upon devotion sometimes uttered by fool-hardy and blasphemous men, who deem acknowledgement of dependence upon God beneath the courage of a soldier. Every line of this “Lyre and Sword” shews how Körner’s truly manly valour was blended with humble trust upon his Creator; and how he despised all the contemptible weakness of impiety. Again and again he prays with fervour for a blessing upon his Country’s holy cause. His lofty indignant sarcasm is poured forth here—not upon prayer, but upon that hypocritical, selfish cowardice, which seeks special Divine intervention, and shrinks from meeting danger for the common religion and freedom of

all. There was indeed abundant reason why Körner's burning strains should so frequently overwhelm the selfish and cowardly with generous indignation. Though the movement against France at last became general, yet the subdivision of Germany into petty States long retarded the national impulse; and what those, who first rushed to the almost hopeless struggle for all, must have felt at seeing Germans standing neuter, or sometimes even fighting against them in the ranks of their enemy, may be well imagined to have been a deeply intense mixture of scorn and mortification.

**NOTE 8.—PARTING FROM VIENNA, p. 129.**

The first verse addresses Vienna, to the personification of which city, “*Thee*” and “*Thy*” refer: and the “*forms*” are those of Körner’s dearest friends there, to whom the

*“Guardian Genii”* in the following stanza may be supposed also to allude: this will be illustrated by a passage from one of his last letters. “A thousand thanks for your dear letter; and for the *dear, dear* remembrances of you both, the GENII OF MY LIFE.” The last verse beautifully touches the half regret of his purpose which struck even our warrior’s heroic resolution, at the last terrible moment of parting, when he manned himself to leave his beloved—*for ever.*

NOTE 9.—THE WAR-CALL, p. 131.

*Press with true heart upon the foemen’s spear! Make way for Freedom!*—The noble death of Arnold Von Winkelried, at the ever memorable field of Sempach, is here alluded to. Seeing that all the valour of his brave compatriots was unable to break through the levelled lances and dense mailed ranks of their

dismounted enemies, he told those nearest him that he left his wife and children to the care of his country, for which he would sacrifice himself. Then crying loudly, "Make way for Freedom!" he rushed to the front of the battle; where opening wide his arms, he swept together as many lances of the enemy as he could gather between them, and ran with all his strength upon the points. Thus he fell, bearing down the wall of steel; and his countrymen rushed upon their foe, over his body and the spears buried in his breast.

NOTE 10.—THE SWORD SONG, p. 195.

The word *Norsemen* (more properly the designation of the Norwegians, Swedes, &c.) belongs to the Translator's English alone. He uses it as the nearest approach the measure allows to the literal force and fire of the German.

NOTE 11.—THIRD SONNET—THE GRAVE  
OF KÖRNER, p. 202.

*From Preface to the sixth German edition of the Lyre and Sword.*—“Perhaps it will not be unpleasing to the reader to find some poems, full of feeling, upon the heroic death of Körner, annexed to this volume. To explain the concluding part of Tiedge’s third sonnet, we must tell our readers, that his Highness the Crown Prince of Mecklenberg, with generous sympathy, offered to the father of our Poet a reserved and distinguished place in the church-yard at Ludwigslust, near the royal burial-ground, for the beloved remains of Körner. But, since the father wished them to remain in the spot where his brethren in arms had buried their noble dead, just under an oak, and where he designed to raise a monument over his beloved only son,—the reigning Duke consented, with high-souled

readiness. For the lasting preservation of the site of this grave, near an oak, he gave, not only a space of forty square roods, which is now planted, but also stone and lime to build the tomb. The noble words of his gift were, ‘because Körner died a saviour of his land.’ The appropriate monument was raised of cast\*-iron: above stand the Lyre and Sword, just as they are figured on the title of our volume; and the urn of the true dead is not without its bravely won glory of the oaken wreath.”†

**NOTE 12.—TO THE MOTHER OF KÖRNER,**  
p. 210.

The glorious death of Winkelried has been before noticed (*Note 9*). The noble name

\* Cast at the foundry of this city (Berlin), where it was visited by an innumerable crowd, with the most affectionate sympathy; and whence the father, in the spring of 1814, removed it to be erected upon its destined spot in Mecklenberg.

† See page 185; the last two lines.

of Decius belongs alike to father, son, and grandson; who all devoted themselves solemnly to death, to secure victory to the Romans, between 338 and 280 B.C. These costly examples deserved to make armies resistless; and, with the Romans, it is well known that they never failed. To all the mighty influences of such a spirit in their leaders upon the courage of the common soldiers, every aid of superstitious assurance of triumph was added. The general, clothed in an unusual dress, solemnly invoked his country's gods; then rode furiously upon the thickest ranks of the enemy: and the legions, following him with enthusiastic phrenzy, proved really, as they fancied themselves, invincible.

## EXTRACTS FROM KÖRNER'S LETTERS.

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### FROM LETTERS TO VIENNA IN 1813.

*Zobten, 22d March.* — My heart beats mightily if I only see a musket flash. God! what a great, noble time is this! All go with such free, proud courage to meet the battle for their Fatherland: all press forward to be able to bleed the first for the good cause. There is now only one will, one wish, in the whole nation: and the common “Victory or Death,” has now a holy meaning. —

*Zobten, 26th March.* — Think upon a body of 1500 young fellows, who have all flown to arms from one impulse—hate and revenge against the Tyrant; and are full of the most glowing enthusiasm for the good cause of the people-- enjoying merrily and

freely the last careless minutes of their lives. Every second man must fall, according to the general impression; and Schiller's

If morn brings death, then let to-day  
Time's precious last drops slip away,

is felt, and followed to the letter.

Often now, my heart gets too much excited; then I go into the forest, and think upon dear, dearest Vienna; and my many silver gleams which there shed happy light over me, and which now pass before me in the misty power of memory! Did I say *misty forms!* Oh! it is a clear, living, seeing them again!—with greeting once more do the fair hours return to me, amidst all the peace and joy of my heart.—

*Dresden, 10th April.*—I went on with our Major Von Petersdorf to Dresden, where I arrived about four o'clock on the morning of

the 6th; and was busied about my official duties until eight o'clock. Then I ran to my parents, and saw much joy and many tears. My father was wholly delighted with me: the others wept.—

*Steinbach, 13th April.*—Of my own songs, just now I can give you nothing which would interest you: my War-call indeed is not now in my hands, else would I send that. I compose truly many; but the most part so much directed by the moment, and my deepest feelings, that they would very seldom find an answer in other hearts, unless they could sink into that entire *whirlpool* of passions which storm a breast filled with the joys of war and song. Have you any wish to do so? When one has thrown away life, and views all that is further enjoyed thereof merely as a kind present from the

favour of fortune, then all mists of domestic connexions are furled away; and clear and bright stand wish and will before our eyes.—I hope we go yet farther to-day. We shall find the foe, they say, near Meiningen; yet are we marching pretty much in the dark; for we have yet received no complete intelligence about our destination. But in about eight days! The sky hangs grey and gloomy over us; covering with fogs the hills, up which I yesterday strained in the merry hunting. I am quite drawn home in my spirit, and yet still daring to meet fate.—

*Dessau, 28th April.*—I am made lieutenant. We have to-day expected an engagement; but it was more on the left, and we had no share therein. To-morrow, we cannot possibly escape battle.—This perhaps is my last letter—To-morrow will shew.—Farewell! all

well! God be with you, and with me!—Think ever kindly of me. The firing goes on. We assuredly come in for a share. Heaven give us victory! Good bye!—

*Genthin, near Magdeburg, 3d May.*—When I was in Zerbst, I was quartered by chance in the very same house where I had played many a month in my earlier years. I sat down in the old summer-house, standing in the garden behind the house; and memory drew, as with a bucket, out of the draw-well of my heart. What there is not yet the same—what in me is not changed?—THROUGH!

*Perleberg, 15th May.*—What shall I write to you? My discontent—What shall I confide to you? My rage.—It rages terribly in me. Two days before this was a wretched affair; that is all which I have yet lived through. The French, in spite of advantage

of numbers, would not stand; about one hundred slain and prisoners were the booty of the day: I could have dealt at them right valiantly, if the dogs had but had courage. We had set out for a great reconnoitering across the Elbe, near Domitz. After many troublesome marches and ambushes, we came up with the French. Their watch-fires lighted us onwards. At the very moment when we just came to blows, I was detached with 100 men to a bridge, with orders to cover the possible retreat of our forces over it, and maintain my ground to the very last man. My people burned with eagerness; but the French were overthrown, our soldiers went on, and I came empty away.—On the 12th, before the cannon began to thunder, I slept for half an hour, beside a watch-fire! There had I a dream about which I shall ever be silent; but which was the most fearful and living of my whole life. You and

Mary Anne mingled particularly in the scene; and, in a remarkable manner, saw I Mary Anne, in an old German city-mourning costume, with long black locks.—

*In our bivouac on Auhigt, between Plauen and Hof, 9th June.*—I am sound and well; and have, as Adjutant to the Major, made the boldest march that can be imagined. We are here, a little troop, in the middle of foes; driven from Stendal to the further Elbe, down on the limits of Baireuth. Since the 29th May, I have never dismounted from my horse; have only slept riding, and have taken some prisoners with my own hand. In spite of this extraordinary stress of exertion, I am strong and hearty, and revel in the excitement of this life.—

*Ratzeburg, 18th August.*—Dearest Friend! —Two words from your friend in all haste. I am again with the corps, welcomed by

Mary Anne mingled particularly in the scene; and, in a remarkable manner, saw I Mary Anne, in an old German city-mourning costume, with long black locks.—

*In our bivouac on Auhigt, between Plauen and Hof, 9th June.*—I am sound and well; and have, as Adjutant to the Major, made the boldest march that can be imagined. We are here, a little troop, in the middle of foes; driven from Stendal to the further Elbe, down its of Baireuth. Since the ever dismounted from my kept riding, and have taken with my own hand. In spite of exertion, I am in the excite-arest Friend! in all haste welcomed by

all with the heartiest love; we are now on the point of marching; and in two days we expect death's bridal. May all fare well with you, which is with me at an end! If God wills, we go, a German Host, to free noble Hamburg with our blood. A thousand thanks for your dear letter, and for the dear, dear remembrances from you both—the Genii of my life! Heaven keep you; I commit you to God!

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FROM HIS LAST LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY.

*Leipsig, 18th April, 1813.*—My heartiest thanks for your kind care to leave me as content and as free from all anxiety as possible. All kind wishes, from my inmost heart, to my dear, good Emma, on her birthday! Think kindly of me. To-day I have my Serjeant's duty to mind, and am there-

fore extraordinarily busy; so pardon this short letter. Kind greeting to all friends—all happiness to you!

*Wittenberg, near Perleberg on the Elbe, 9th May, 1813.*—I hope to God you are well aware that I was not in the affairs of the 2d and 3d, lest you should have been tormenting yourselves with needless fears. I am deeply pained to have missed this great day. Meanwhile, here I lie on the Elbe, and reconnoitre, and find nothing; look over into Westphalia, and see nothing; load my pistols, and shoot nothing!—I have just now been at church with my company; with which I am ordered to stay here watching the river. We took the communion. The preacher spoke as a man, a German, a Christian. The people seemed much moved. In a few moments we march hence to Lenzen. What is to be done there, whether we shall

go farther or no, no one knows: The Elbe is very broad here; with the shores low, and only adorned by the changes in the colours of the brushwood, and the friendly villages. But Havelberg, where we rested a day, is very romantic and beautiful. The old Gothic church, which is built very bravely of brick, has a venerable effect; and the remarkable windings of the Havel much enhance the wonderful beauty of the landscape. Love to all friends. God be with you!

*Carlsbad, 2d July, 1813.*—My hearty good wishes, dear father, my truest friend, on thy birth-day: God give thee to celebrate thy next festival in a free fatherland. I am ever getting better and better. I sleep well at night, and my pains are at long intervals, and in fact on the whole trifling. Spare me telling the worthless story to thee from beginning to end until we meet: only thus

much, that I was wounded when I went, without drawing sabre, to ask the wretches if this was the promised suspension of arms. My heartiest kiss to my Mother, Aunt, and Emma; kind greeting to all friends; a stiff German squeeze of the hand to thee, and the assurance that in the most fearful moments of the past days, I have never been untrue to the good cause, not even in a thought.—

*Carlsbad, 14th July, 1813.*—Early in the morning I shall set off with Major Sarnowsky to join the army. On the 19th we are at head quarters, and unless my military destiny changes, I shall be on the 29th with Parthey in Berlin. My wound is healed; and since we do not travel in the night, there is on that account no anxiety about my health. The account of our assault stands exactly right in the Leipzig paper, only they leave out that General Fournier twice gave his

word to attempt no hostilities. For my preservation I have principally to thank Dr. Wendler, of Leipzig. Our correspondence is once more somewhat broken up. No letters seem to be allowed to pass; for since the 4th I have had no news from you, and apparently must set off without any. Only torment yourselves not, should letters from me be interrupted. God has brought me so far, he will bring me farther; and always remember I am fulfilling a holy duty, and that a right-down German heart must be nerved for all—Through!—May heaven be with you!—God will yet bring us all happily together. Live in this belief.—



